

The WAR CRY

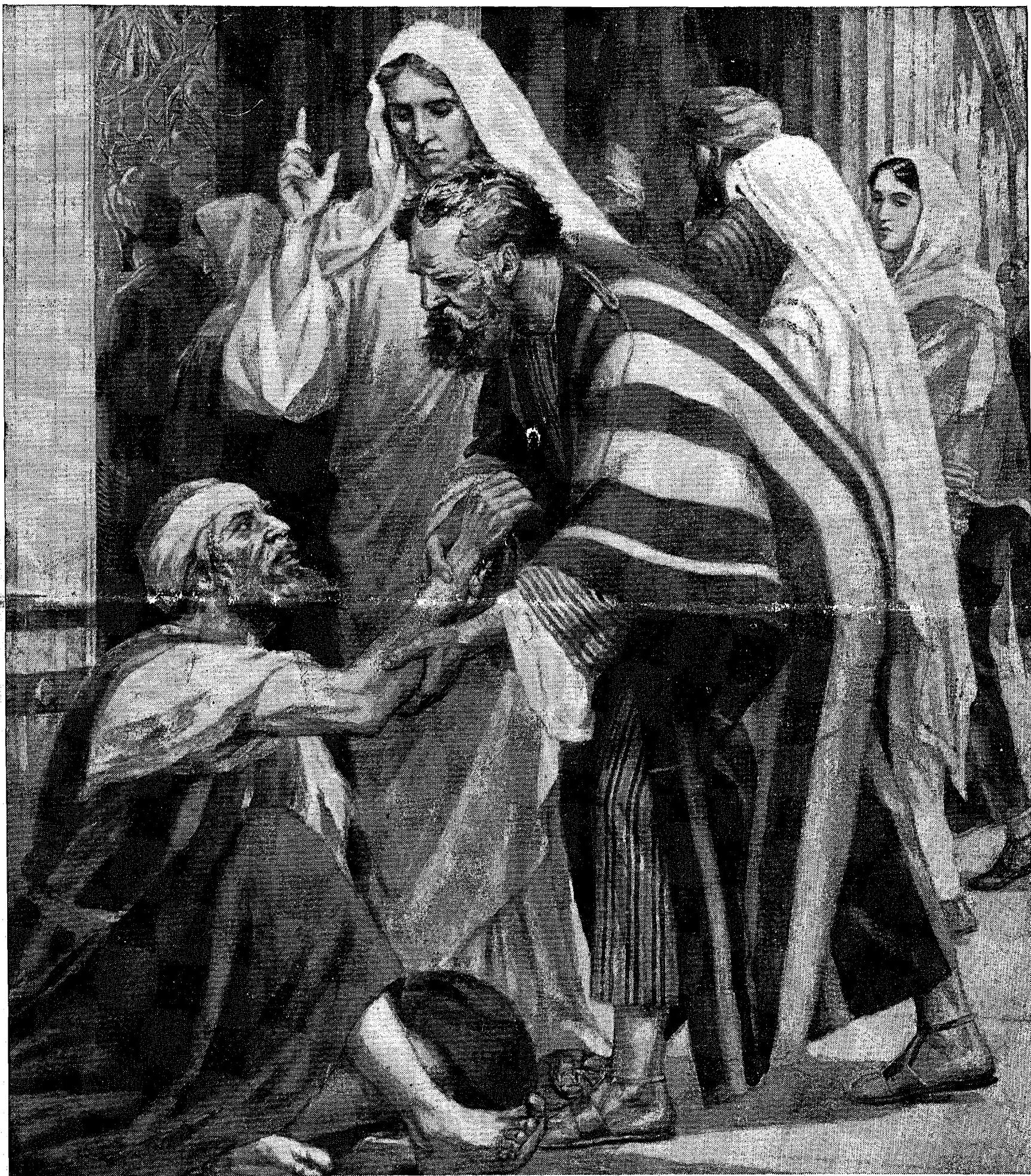


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IT WAS IN THE NAME OF JESUS that Peter grasped the hand of the cripple, lifted him up and banished his lameness. It was in the Name of Jesus that Paul drove the evil spirit out of the damsel who was hindering their evangelistic work by calling out after them. (Acts 16). Jesus told His followers before He left them "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." Servants of God today who are possessed of great faith may invoke that mighty Name and will find it as effective as ever to perform deeds of healing and cleansing in the lives of the sick or those enslaved by sin. There is "none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we may be saved."—Acts 4:12



"He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water." (Psalm 1, v. 3).

CANADA, in many parts is a land of trees. In a number of the provinces beautiful forests abound, which are sources of wealth, and places of beauty. The government has recognized the value of our forests to the tourist trade by setting aside tracts of land as national parks. The park at Banff is famous and known all over the continent and is only one of many great parks.

Recently, the forests of New Bruns-

wick were in danger from bud-worm infestation. This pest threatened to wipe out thousands of valuable acres of forest. However "operation bud-worm" was completed, when experienced aviators from Canada and the United States sprayed the infested areas in order that the trees might be saved.

The psalmist compares a godly man to a tree which flourishes because it is well nourished. In his description the writer declares that the godly man does not walk in the counsel of the ungodly; he does not stand in the road used by sinners; he is not found in the seat of the scornful. Then, after telling what a godly man does not do, the psalmist describes what he is concerned with. We read that the godly man delights in the law of the Lord and meditates in this law day and night. A godly man is steadfast and fruitful like a tree that is well watered.

The Biblical writer knew the importance of water in eastern lands,

The Exiled King

BY MARION CRIBBIE, TORONTO

MAR Khayyam penned a number of truisms, among which is: "The worldly—hope men set their hearts upon Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon; Like snow upon the desert's dusty face Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

What a contrast we find in Psalm 145: 13—

"Thy Kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

There are earthly kingdoms which are like the "worldly hope" mentioned in the quatrain above. Of those which have had their place in the world, how many still exist? How many kings of this world are in exile to-day?

My King is in exile, too—in exile from the hearts of many of those whom He loves; though not in exile from His kingdom. Did He not say, "My kingdom is not of this world" (John 18:36)? His kingdom is to be found in the spiritual realm into which all true children of God, are born. Only the worldly things are transient; spiritual things are everlasting. The psalmist realized this for he said, "Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

At present, therefore, I am serving my King in a foreign country,

as an ambassador, as it were. Some day He will call me to my own country to give account of my life here. It will not be a long journey. There is only one small valley to cross—the one called Death—then Home!

In the country I now live in many are serving worldly rulers of the spirit: money, fame, vanity, home, even church. The King of Kings is ignored and His precepts unheeded. Only final ruination can be the lot of those who persistently refuse His dominion.

Reader, do you know my King to be yours too, or have you put Him in exile? He is ever willing to add new citizens to His Kingdom. There are no requirements of personal goodness to meet; only one declaration to make—faith in Christ as personal Saviour.

Won't you take Him into your life and crown Him King? You will find that He is Friend, Guide, and Counsellor as well.

FIVE MINUTES

FIVE minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different, will enable you to do things for His sake that you would not have done for your own sake or for anyone otherwise. — Henry Drummond.

RECALL THE GOOD

"WOULDN'T this old world be better if the folks you meet would say: 'I know something good about you!' And then treat us just that way?"

"Wouldn't it be fine and lovely, if each handclasp warm and true Carried with it this assurance: 'I know something good about you!'"

"Wouldn't it be nice to practice That fine way of thinking, too? You know something good about ME; I know something good about YOU!"

Trees of Usefulness

BY SR.-CAPTAIN S. MATTISON

the value of an oasis in the desert. To a traveller in the parched and barren East, a river with trees lining the banks would be a beautiful sight. A godly man stands out amongst the ungodly like a tree at a desert oasis; he is an oasis in a desert of sin. When he is a truly righteous man, he is looked to for shelter and comfort by many.

Trees are useful. They are placed where they are needed the most. Tamarack, which is good for firewood, grows in the north. The chinocola tree, from which quinine is taken, grows in the south, where diseases such as malaria are rampant. Righteous people are useful people. They render great service in

this world. They are the salt of the earth.

Trees breathe, so we are told. They breathe in large quantities of gases injuries to man, amongst them carbon monoxide. The gases are absorbed by the trees and then pass through the trees into the ground. Trees also breathe out large quantities of oxygen. This life-giving element is extracted from the soil in which the tree is rooted. Righteous people take some of the poison out of this old world and inject, in its place, the oxygen of Christian faith and love, which makes the world a better place in which to live.

Trees are not easily uprooted. They twine their roots around rocks. In the Crows Nest Pass, where the winds are fierce as they blow through what is a natural funnel, I have seen an old tree, gnarled and twisted by a thousand storms, still standing. Christians are often called upon to endure the adverse winds of difficulty and trial, but there is no need for them to fall, if they are anchored fast in the Rock Jesus Christ.

*"I have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the rock which can
not move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love."*

Morning Devotions

BY COLONEL ROBERT MORRISON



SUNDAY:

"And the serpent said unto the woman, ye shall not surely die."

Genesis 3:4

To contradict or detract from the Word of God has been the method of the adversary from the very beginning. In tempting Christ he either partly quoted or misquoted God's Word. He still does it. God's Word is a focal point of attack. Unfortunately in these days the enemy is only too successful in this. Let us hold fast our confidence in the Word of God.

MONDAY:

"And the Lord God called unto Adam and said unto him, Where art thou?"—Genesis 3:9.

"Where art thou?" is the first question in the Old Testament. The first to be asked in the New Testament is "Where is He?" referring to Jesus. Where are you in the light of the Fall and where are you in the light of the Gospel? It is a good thing to occasionally take stock of where we are.

TUESDAY:

"And the man said, The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me . . . and I did eat."

Genesis 3:12

There is something in human nature which makes it put the blame for what it does wrong on other people and on other things. How often we hear it said, "If it had not been for this or that, things would have been different." Adam blamed Eve and Eve blamed the serpent.

WEDNESDAY:

"And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done?"—Genesis 3:13

Personal accountability to God for what we have done is something of which we ought to remind ourselves over and over again. This is a solemn fact; we shall be required to account for our lives, our time, our motives, our money, our foolishness and even for every idle word. God help us to live in the light of this truth.

THURSDAY:

"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—Genesis 3:15.

Dr. A. T. Pierson saw in this what he chose to call the acorn out of which the oak of messianic prophecy grew: Christ crushing the head of the enemy, breaking his power and in comparison having his heel bruised. It speaks of Christ's sufferings, but Satan's defeat. That Satan is a defeated foe is true. This is but one guarantee of our daily personal victory through Christ.

FRIDAY:

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground."—Genesis 3:19.

Life has now to be lived the hard way. New elements have entered into human experience; sorrow, sickness, pain and death. The way of the transgressor is hard. Men make it harder for each other. What struggles we go through in order to eat bread. If ever a sentence was carried out this one was.

SATURDAY:

"So He drove out the man."

Genesis 3:24.

The principle of retribution, in whatever form it takes, has to be reckoned with in this life and in the life to come. As we sow we reap. As we do to others so others do to us. Let the sinner beware; this principle is carried over into the life to be. Jesus spoke solemn words on this very subject, that will stand. There is to be a final driving out of the sinner from God's presence.

THE SAVIOUR, LORD, and FRIEND OF YOUTH

BY FRAZER OAKLEY
Principal, Salvation Army School, Grand Bank, Nfld.

PAUL said: "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death" (Phil. 3:10). Do you know Christ? The most common expression on the lips of youth today is "Do you know . . . ?" How often it is uttered in the home, in the classroom, and in the street. It is one of the most common introductions to many of life's questions, but how many of our Christian Youth today are saying "Do you know Christ?"

Some years ago at a drawing-room function, one of England's leading actors was asked to recite for the pleasure of his fellow guests. He consented, and asked if there was anything special that his audience would like to hear. After a moment's pause an aged minister arose and said, "Could you, sir, recite to us the twenty-third psalm?" A strange look passed over the actor's face. He paused for a moment and then said, "I can, and I will upon one condition—that is, after I have recited it, you, my friend, will do the same".

Impressively, the great actor began to recite the psalm. His voice and intonation were perfect. He held the audience spellbound, and as he finished a great burst of applause broke from the audience. Then, as it died away, the aged minister arose and began to recite. His voice was not remarkable; his intonation was not faultless; when he had finished, no sound of applause broke from the audience, but there was not a dry eye in the room and many heads and hearts were bowed in reverential awe. The actor laid his hand upon the shoulder of the aged minister and said, "I have reached your eyes and ears, my friends, but this man has

reached your hearts. I know the twenty-third psalm, but this man knows the Shepherd."

Youth's most imperative need is to know Christ as their Saviour from sin. There is nothing more simple than God's plan of salvation in Christ. Many fail to fathom the mysteries of mathematics and science, but the most unlearned and illiterate can understand the words, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else". (Isaiah 45:22). If we couple John 3:16 with Isaiah 1:18, we have the most dynamic, effectual words of all history. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life". "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool".

When we accept Christ as Saviour, it is our privilege also to acknowledge Him as Lord and Master and own Him as the Ruler and Sovereign of our lives. Many are willing to accept Christ as Saviour but refuse to accept His will for their lives. Let us no longer wander from the Father's love but find the blessed experience of which the poet writes:

A Page for YOUTH

"I knelt in tears at the
feet of Christ,
In the hush of the
twilight dim,
And all that I was, or
sought, or had,
I surrendered un-
to Him."

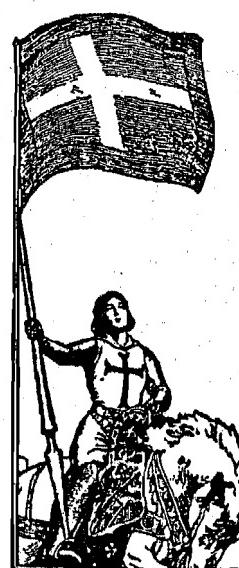
Some have found Christ as their Saviour and others have ascended the ladder another step by acknowledging Christ as Lord and Master. When the Holy Spirit reveals to us the joy of whole-hearted devotion to God, in humble obedience we kneel at the feet of the Master and cry aloud, "Oh, make me meet to follow the steps of Thy wounded feet".

Knowing Christ as our Saviour, Lord and Master, leads us to a closer walk with God. We can know Christ as our never-failing Friend. Many times we are betrayed by



those whom we thought were our friends, but no matter how forlorn and forsaken we may be, if we know the Friend of friends, Jesus, how blessed and rich we are. Someone has defined a friend as "One who knows all about you, and yet loves you in spite of it all". A friend is one who steps in when the whole world steps out. Such a friend is Jesus Christ. When our earthly friends fail, falter, and forsake us, Jesus is a Friend that sticks closer than a brother.

We are living in a world that is full of unbelief, fear, scepticism and apostasy. Never in the history of the world has there been a greater need for young soldiers of Christ to engage in Christian warfare. Young people, who are willing to throw in all they have for the cause of God, are wanted. Have you answered the call by consecrating all your powers to the extension of God's kingdom in your corps and town?



YOUNG CRUSADEERS

No. 12 — THE MENIAL TASK

man, "I wish to nurse. If you are not satisfied, then dismiss me; if I please you, then pay me my wages."

"Very well," said the doctor, "I'll take you." Mentally he added, "But, I'll keep my eye on you."

The man soon proved his worth. In a few weeks he had become one of the most reliable nurses on that heroic staff. Seemingly tireless, and quietly efficient in all his movements, he could always be found where the pestilence raged the fiercest. The suffering and the dying adored him. To the stricken that rough face was the face of an angel.

So strangely did he act on pay-days, however, that he was watched. He was traced through a maze of back streets to an obscure building where he was seen to deposit the whole of his week's pay into a relief box for the benefit of yellow fever sufferers. His selfless efforts at last took their toll. He contracted the dreaded disease and died. When his body was prepared for burial in a nameless grave, for he had never revealed his identity, a livid brand was found which revealed that Bill, the nurse, had been a convicted felon. Like Paul, this man became "all things to all men," and in so doing the haunting past was obliterated and many sufferers blessed.

How nobly this "unknown soldier" epitomizes the following lines:

To give—and not to count the costs,
To fight—and not to heed the wounds,
To toil—and not to seek for rest
To labor—and not to ask for any reward,
Save that of knowing that we do Thy will.

That is the secret—to have a consuming passion to do the will of God. And does not that involve the blessing and saving of mankind? It was so with the young prophet Ezekiel. Can't you picture him as he sees in a mysterious vision a hand in which there is a book? He is commanded to eat the book. The book represents the words of warning

that he was to speak to the rebellious Hebrews who were captives at this time.

Another picture is skillfully drawn, showing the stricken captives, miserably seated by the river of Babylon. Their harps hung on the willows and the scornful captors derided the Hebrews by crying out, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion". But they could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land. In the midst of their desolation the prophet arrives, but he is so moved by his people's dejection that he cannot upbraid them. He conveys the Lord's message in another way—by his compassion and understanding. He says, "I sat where they sat, and remained there astonished among them seven days." Is there any wonder that this man of God made such a mark upon his nation that his work and words are recalled even in this generation?

Whether you are young or not so young there is something you can do in the Christian crusade. Pray for and practice the Saviour's principles who gave Himself gladly and utterly for a dying world. And remember our General's song, "Except I be moved with compassion, how dwellest Thy spirit in me?"

Builder Or Wrecker?

By Corps Cadet Guardian
Mrs. Foster, Calgary, Alta.

OPPORTUNITIES for Christian service surround young people today. Youth in many cases, however, must allow the Saviour to clear the impaired vision, take away doubts and fears, and implant Christian zeal and courage that the world may see even greater things accomplished.

Prayer still changes things; it changes the hearts of men and accomplishes seemingly impossible things. Have you put prayer to the test? If you want adventure, young people, here it is! When Nehemiah heard the lamentable news concerning the captive Jews, the crushing reality of Jerusalem's broken-down walls, the gates ruined by fire, it brought him to his knees.

Should not the blighted lives of people have the same effect upon Christians today? As one listens to the sad stories of sin and evil, it is enough to make one weep and storm the fort of God's throne on behalf of fallen mankind.

We must go further than that, however, for we shall find, as Nehemiah found, that "faith without words is dead." There must be immediate action following the revelation. We must rise, and build.

Just across the street from where I live a building was being demolished; it had served its purpose, and now was condemned as a place of residence. In a few short days

(Continued on page 14)

Adventurous Mary

The Girl Who Became a Missionary Nurse

By ADELAIDE AH KOW

Major Mary Layton (R), the subject of this story now living in Newfoundland served for years as a missionary in China. She becomes a nurse in England then serves in the Falkland Islands. Afterwards she accepts a nursing post in Newfoundland, sponsored by the wife of the governor. In an isolated lumbering community, Mary attends the Army meetings out of curiosity, is saved and wins some of her patients for Christ. Later Mary becomes a Salvationist and dons the uniform. She returns to England after reading an appeal in *The War Cry*, asking for nurses for Army work. Mary hears God's call for missionary service and is appointed to China. After a study of the language, Mary proceeds to a hospital in North China, an institution that catered for 800 villages, and had no lack of patients.

On her homeland furlough Mary spends some time in Newfoundland and later proceeds to England where she takes a post-graduate course in nursing and returns to China during the Second World War.

Mary serves in a refugee camp and is later appointed to an Army clinic in Tientsin.

MARY had been some months in Tientsin when, the clinic running short of some necessary drugs, it occurred to her that a supply of medical stores had been left at the hospital back in the interior. Could she possibly get permission to return and secure them? If so, how useful they would be. She put in her request, and was overjoyed when headquarters agreed to the attempt being made. "We are arranging for Adjutant Wessells to accompany you. He will be both a protection and a help," said they.

Never is the international character of the Army more appreciated than when war is raging.

Adjutant Wessells (a German officer) with his wife was stationed at Paotingfu, a garrison town and the nearest large town to the hospital. At the entrance to the station Mary soon found how useful was his company. On the train, even in the street, they were stopped again and again and passports demanded. Sometimes they had to show them to Japanese officials, sometimes to Chinese. Japan was not yet at war with Britain, but her sympathies were pro-German; China on the other hand recognized Britain as her friend, so the fact that a German and a Britisher were travelling together allayed suspicion on both

sides and got them through safely.

At Ting Hsin they took a rickshaw for the hospital. Mary's heart was full as they traversed the familiar road. The same sandy track, the same deep ruts, the same well-remembered, dearly-loved cluster of buildings coming into view. The same—yes, the same old gatekeeper inquiring of the rickshaw man the identity of the strangers.

"Chai," exclaimed Mary, happily. "Adjutant Layton!" cried the old gatekeeper, incredulously.

But, arrived at the entrance,

so well. Now all her plans were upset, and ahead lay only chaos!

It had never been easy for Mary to relinquish her plans. And this plan, she told herself with tears, had not been a selfish one; she had sought only the good of the people; she had been content to work early and late that God's Kingdom might be extended. Why should the work have had to cease? She had asked nothing for herself, only for the Kingdom.

"And can I not care for the interests of my Kingdom?" asked the Voice she knew so well. "Can



be happy to go on just a step at a time and leave the rest to You!"

Some of the goods left at the hospital had been taken, but much still remained. Carefully Mary selected the things most needed. They would take as much as possible. Who knew if another such opportunity would occur? They packed rapidly, but interruptions came again and again. Mary could not but heed them—there was so much she wanted to know.

Here, for instance, was their old sewing woman, humbly curtseying and full of welcomes. Were they coming back? was her hopeful question. Her family had given up worshipping gods. Her home? It was only a hovel, but it was a roof. Food? They had very little to eat but they were managing! It was the same story from all. The uncomplaining endurance, the cheerfulness of the poor! Not much to eat but they were all "managing."

Mary was deeply affected. Adjutant Wessells—manlike—in a hurry to finish the job and get away, could not understand her frequent absences and the time spent on these old employees. But this last contact with the hospital was to remain a precious memory to Mary, for later, everything was taken—some things by the Japanese, some by the Communists; furniture and fittings—things that could not be bought—going first and then the precious building material as it was needed elsewhere.

The Doctor Has To Leave

A year later the news of Pearl Harbor (when, in 1941, the Japanese made an air-raid on Hawaii and sank American warships) flashed across the world. For some time previously the Japanese had been picking up young Chinese and taking them off—none knew where. The clinic never had known from day to day whether the coolies would turn up. But now hostilities would affect them more deeply, for Japan had declared war on America and Dr. Seaman was an American.

"Please send my husband home as early as possible," ran a note Mary received that eventful day from the doctor's wife.

She went through with the message in time to see the cook who had brought it disappearing.

"Yes; I hear the Japs have declared war on America. I'd better get home in case I'm stopped at the barrier. Take this key for fear I'm not allowed out."

The doctor lived in the French concession—in the London mission compound; the clinic was, of course, in the Chinese city.

Next day he did not appear, but two unusual patients came—well-dressed Chinese in foreign clothes. One complained of his eyes; the other of his nose. Mary gave them some drops and asked them to come back the following day. Who were they? She was not accustomed to patients who looked so prosperous. One did not know whom to trust. They might be spies. The gatekeeper told her they had driven up in a smart car.

(To be continued)

Candidates Accepted for "Shepherds" Session of Cadets



S. JEWER D. HUCKLE
Solomon Jewer of Whitney Pier, was converted at the age of twelve. From youth he has felt the call of officership.

Dorothy Huckle of Calgary Citadel, supervises children at the Army's Children's Home. She herself was converted as a child, and in a Sunday night salvation meeting dedicated her life to God.

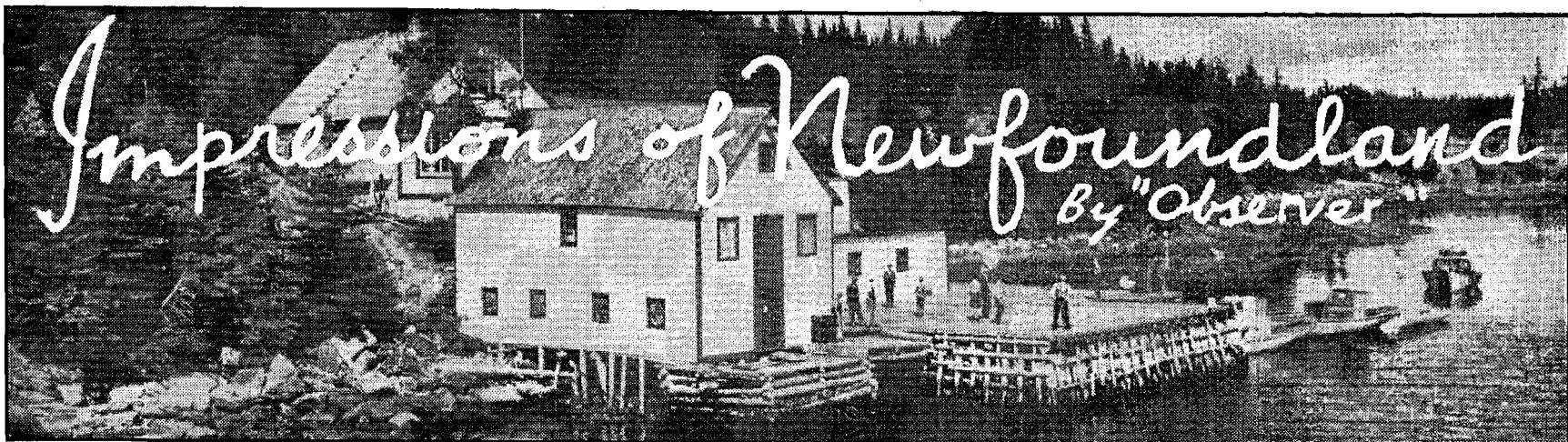
M. CREWS A. TIDD

Maud Crews of North Halifax, a book-keeper, was influenced to accept Christ by the example of her brothers. She heard the call of God at a youth council.

Auralla Tidd of Saint John Citadel is a student who was converted in a holiness meeting and was subsequently called to officership in the Army.



RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION has been imparted to these fine Canadian boys and girls at Simcoe High School by the Commanding Officer, Sr-Captain W. Shaver, who is seen in the second row. Principal Dr. Clark is the other man in the group.



T was almost eight months to the day on which I had started my tour of a few Western cities and published my experiences in *The War Cry* under the heading, "The Golden West". Again I found myself lugging my suitcases through the echoing, subterranean corridors of Toronto's Union Depot. This time, however, I was heading east. My destination was that storied isle—the oldest colony in the Empire and the newest province of the Dominion—Newfoundland.

My reason for the visit was precisely the same as it had been on the Western trip—first, to report the congress gatherings led by the territorial commander, to bring some deserving publicity to the officers running institutions that represented a God-glorifying work but who were too busy or too modest to report it and, finally, to write a descriptive story of the tour for the benefit of readers who like to read about far-away places but who do not have the opportunity of travelling.

I boarded the night train, climbed into my berth and soon felt a jolt as the train began its journey, right on time. . . . What a different awakening to that of my last trip! Then, after a night in which we had steamed steadily northwards, I had looked out on a wild, bleak landscape—grey masses of rock, spindly trees and an occasional lake. Now, 200 miles east of Toronto, I found myself surveying smiling fields of lush grass or early wheat, all neatly fenced in with typical Ontario rail fences and, towering over all, the lordly elm. They call Canada the "Land of the Maple." It could be called with equal accuracy that of the elm, for this noble, umbrageous tree dominates the landscape for thousands of square miles, and nothing can make a pictured scene more typically Canadian than to have the artist place—in the centre of a railed-in field—a mighty, spreading elm tree.

It was very early, for we had to alight at Montreal West at seven-thirty, in time to catch the plane that left Dorval at 8.30, but I quickly shaved and sat looking out of the window. Names like Smithville, Perth, Merrickville, Goldfields, Finch—all English—flashing by told me we were not yet in Quebec, but suddenly St. Anne appeared, then Baie d'Urle and Valois, while the cars I saw spinning along the roads bore white license plates, with black letters instead of the blue Ontario plates with white letters. "Railway crossing" appeared bilingually as "Traverse du chemin de fer", and "No parking" as "Defense de stationier". We might have been in France.

I was soon joined by Lt.-Colonel Annie Fairhurst, who was also heading for Newfoundland, going not only to attend congress but also to conduct home league rallies, and to attend the home league exhibition—of which definitely Newfoundland feature, more anon, as they say in the novels.

We alighted at Montreal West, took a taxi to Dorval airport, got our baggage weighed (only forty pounds are allowed) and received our boarding passes.

At eight-thirty a.m. the loud-speaker announced the flight of 404, and we found ourselves at the end of a line-up of eager passengers, who filed through the wicket-gate across the tarmac and up the steps leading to the body of that great, unwieldy bird. Could that massive monster rise into the air—and take us and our baggage? It seemed hardly possible.

It was my first flight, and I was surprised to find I wasn't a bit nervous.

Inside the plane at last, I thought at first I'd have to stand, as the seats appeared to be all taken, but an attractive stewardess, dressed in

(Right) The beginning of an interesting flight.
(Below) The mighty bird bore us safely over rivers, mountains and towns.

a sky-blue suit, with a gold maple-leaf pin on her lapel and a gold wing-badge on her smart hat, finally found me a place in a double-seat. It was occupied by a woman with three children—three D's, I found out later—David (six), Donna (four), and Dianne (two).

To readers to whom a plane journey is as common as walking, anything I might say about my first-time flight would be trite. They can skip this part. For me it was quite exciting.

The motors (of which there were four) began to roar and, finally the machine began gently to trundle along the concrete. About a hundred yards out, it paused, for all the world like a seagull with clipped wings wondering if it could take to the air or not. The rumble of the motors almost died down, and it seemed to be debating. Then it made up its mind. The roar increased alarmingly, until the rows of exhaust pipes, sticking out from each motor, shot out flames. The plane began to move—not leisurely

as before, but like a fire-truck racing to a particularly bad fire. Whew! We fairly flew—long before we took the air.

Suddenly, I could see houses—like dolls'-houses—under the nose of the motor I happened to be looking at. Trees and fields were magically below us now; we were off the ground. Then, with the rapid rise of the monster, we were high above all, and cars that a moment before had been life-sized, were little models. It was for all the world like looking at those well-made model sets at the Toronto Exhibition—with their perfect little trees, roads, telephone poles, rivers, lakes and miniature cars. The miracle of flight is still a mystery to me. As I looked down the length of that slender wing, and saw the end of it undulating with the pressure of the air and wind, and realized it was keeping us aloft—defying the laws of gravity—I marvelled.

The Great River

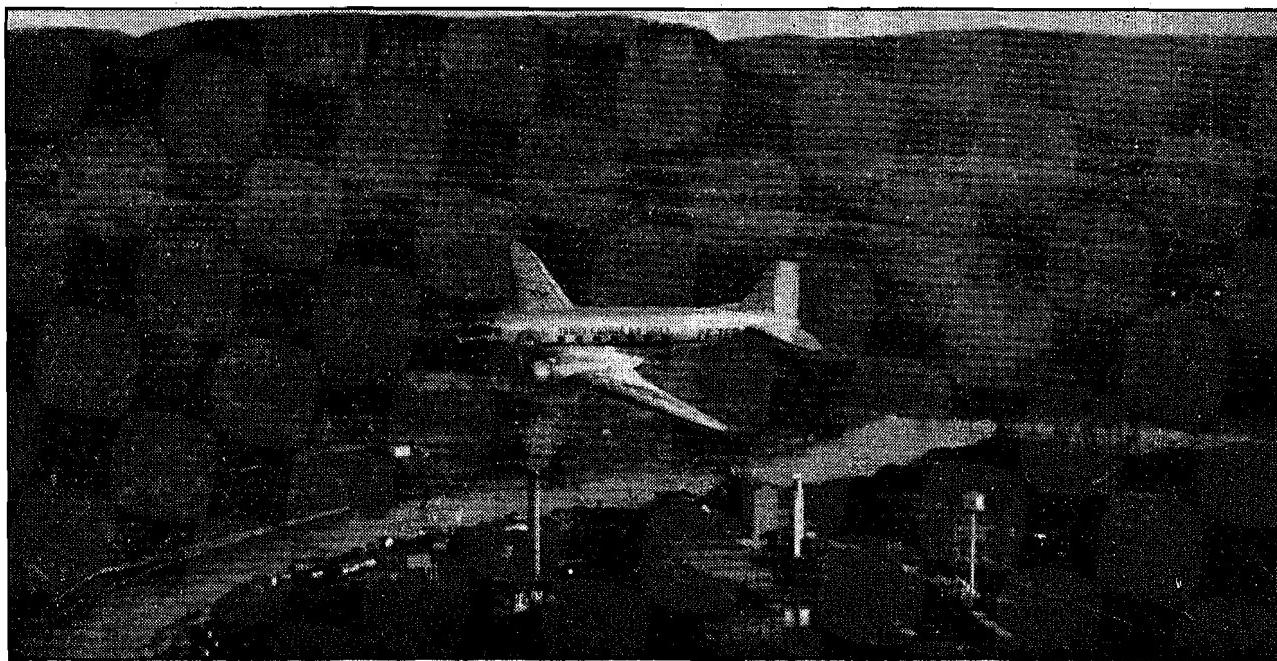
I had a good glimpse of the typical French-Canadian scenery—the long, narrow farm-lands, running from concession to concession, the winding rivers, with white, thread-like pathways worn by the feet of countless generations, running each side of the bank. Lakes flashed here and there.

Soon, we swept over the mighty St. Lawrence, and saw a sturdy freighter nosing her way along, heavily laden with iron ore—up from Labrador. Now we were on the south side of the St. Lawrence, for that great river runs sharply north-east and we were heading for Moncton, in New Brunswick, which province is south of the river.

It was a trying trip for the little Dianne, who could not understand the necessity of sitting still and not being allowed to run all over the place. (Another child in a seat near by, with his young parents, screamed whole-heartedly at intervals during the trip.) Little Dianne amused herself for hours by transferring the folders and time-tables from their container to her mother's lap and back again.

The non-tipping system makes for a feeling of goodwill. The stewardesses' smiles and services rendered are not done with the idea of the possible crisp bill in mind, but from a real desire to help and serve. The two young women were always on the alert to do all they could for the comfort of the passengers. One of them came along from time to time with an arm-full of the latest magazines—not selling them, but lending them to the passengers. The other brought a doll for little Dianne, who had reached the crying stage. Her tears dried like magic and, seated on her mother's knee, she smiled happily as she mothered the doll. Later, one of them smilingly presented a slip of paper filled in and labelled, "Pilot's Bulletin", which told us that we were flying 6,500 feet high, that we were proceeding at 250 miles per hour, and that we should reach Moncton at such a time.

Later, our benefactors went along
(Continued on page 16)



The Magazine . . . Page



World-Famous Publisher Evangelist for Teetotalism

NEWTON Flower, in his book "Just as it Happened," tells many interesting facts about the founding of the firm Cassell and Co., of which he became the head in 1927.

The founder was John Cassell. His father was landlord of the Ring O'Bells Inn, in Manchester, and an accident when his son was still small made him an invalid. Thus the boy had to work in the public house until he was sixteen. He then became a carpenter but when he was seventeen he heard Livesey, the great temperance reformer, preaching at a mission, and was converted to the cause of temperance. When he was nineteen John Cassell became a tee-total lecturer and evangelist, at a time when working men were completely gin-ridden and beer was cheaper than milk.

A short time later, realizing that something was lacking when he urged the poor to give up gin and beer and offering nothing in exchange, he and his young wife decided to invest their little stock of money in supplying them with tea. In those days tea could only be bought in forty pound cases—far beyond the means of a working man, and the Cassells started putting it up in shilling packets.

Forty Thousand Miles In a Canoe Daring Feat Accomplished Fifty Years Ago

AFAMOUS Indian canoe in which a daring sailor made a 40,000-mile ocean voyage about half a century ago, and for years afterwards lay forgotten in the Thames mud, is now in Thunderbird Park, Victoria, British Columbia. There it stands as an inspiring relic of heroic and skilful seamanship.

The canoe is called the Tilikum, an Indian word meaning Friend; it is thirty-eight feet long and was hewn by Indians out of one big cedar log. The man who put to sea in it was Captain J. C. Voss, a Canadian skipper who was renowned for his voyages in small boats.

Captain Voss bought the Tilikum from the Indians, fitted three masts to it, and then—on May 27, 1901—set forth from Victoria, B.C., to defy the oceans.

In his dugout boat he sailed the Pacific Ocean to Australia and New Zealand; then across the Indian Ocean to the Cape of Good Hope; next across the Atlantic to Brazil; and from there to England. He arrived at the jetty at Margate on September 2, 1904—much to the annoyance of an enterprising newspaper which had arranged to intercept him in a boat off Dover.

Captain Voss was no mere publicity-seeker. He was a seaman of genius, and his astounding voyage was to some extent made possible by his development of the technique of the drogue, or sea-anchor, which has contributed considerably to the science of small-craft sailing.

His feat created an enormous impression, and the little storm-battered Tilikum, which Indians had made for paddling down rivers, was the centre of attraction at the Navy and Marine Exhibition in London in 1905. She was bought by someone for making sailing trips

Where Does The Dust Go?

DUST—ordinary everyday dust—is really a very interesting substance, although housewives and factories do everything they can to get rid of it. Nobody ever gets rid of dust; they just move it from one place to another. But without dust we could not live!

Without dust there would be no rain in the form of drops, because the particles of dust in the atmosphere diffuse the burning rays of the sun. If they did not exist, as the sun set and the temperature cooled, there would result ruinous cloudbursts that would wash out all our vegetation, and turn fertile land into desert.

Dust comes from everything. Fifty thousand tons of star dust fall on our earth every day, though we do not see it.

And dust is ageless. When a housewife wipes the dust off the piano she may be removing, to another place, dandruff from a Bengal tiger, a particle of bone from a mammoth that died tens of centuries ago, a bit of rubber from an Australian car tire, a speck of rock from Mount Everest, or an infinitesimal portion of Julius Caesar!

In order to print labels for the packets of tea he bought a tiny printing press, and on this started a small paper called "The Teetotal Times" and then another called "The Workingman's Friend." His ventures were successful. His first idea—temperance—had taken him away from the public house. His second idea was to give the working people tea instead of gin, and his third idea was to give the working man satisfying sustenance for his mind, which resulted in his first number of the Popular Educator in 1853. This was but a start, and at the end of the nineteenth century Cassell's was one of the biggest publishers in the world.

on the Thames; but the new owners were unable to manage her—even on a river—and they gave up in disgust.

The Tilikum lay forgotten until she was rediscovered lying in the mud. Then she made her last voyage—back to Canada on board a Furness Withy ship—and she stands now in a public park as a reminder of human courage and ingenuity.—Children's Newspaper.

Shocks For Sharks

SCIENCE has come to the aid of bathers on beaches which are sometimes made unsafe by the presence of sharks, as in Australia.

A charged electric screen is laid some distance offshore and connected to a suitable electricity supply. Any fish touching this screen receives an electric shock and is frightened off, thus leaving the inshore waters quite safe.

Only a mild shock is given, otherwise thousands of edible fish would be killed. Then, too, there is always the chance of some venturesome bather fouling the screen; he would be the first to admit that a mild electric shock is preferable to a strong one!

"Apples on Queen Charlotte's Shore"

By Alice Foster, Rossland, B.C.

THEY had gathered
In the dawning,
When the tempest
scars had passed,
And they marvelled at
the wreckage
Found upon their
beaches cast.

Great indeed were
Charlotte's people,*
Great their arrows,
strong their bows,
Great their war canoes,
and warriors,
Great their victories
o'er their foes.
Mighty winds had
brought in flotsam,
And had scattered on their shore
Evidence of things far greater
Than they e'er had seen before.

"Here are mighty beams and timbers,
Carried from some land afar.
Can it be that there are people
Greater than the Haidas are?
Lo! These beams are bound with metal,
And these timbers pierced with nails.
See among the tangled wreckage
Fragments of their canvas sails.
Was it man or gods created
Vessels bound with iron bands?

No, not gods, the gods were angry
With this work of unknown hands;
Gods with wind and waves have wrecked
it,
War canoe from tribes afar!
They would have no people greater,
Than the mighty Haidas are!
"Metal now shall tip our arrows,
All our profit be their pain.
Never shall these heathen paddle
This great war canoe again!"

While the chief and men were speaking
In their arrogance and pride,

Younger ones were keenly seeking
Treasures tossed up by the tide.
"See," cried out a Haida maiden
As she held aloft her prize.
From her hand the chieftain took it,
Looked and tasted, found it good.
"Did the heathen then have berries,
Of such size as this for food?"

Eagerly they sought the apples,
Mid the mass of beam and sail,
Cargo of some freighting vessel
That had perished in the gale.

"Save all seeds," the chieftain ordered,
We will grow their berries too,
Eat their food and learn their secrets
All the things they know, and do.
Thus the seeds were saved and planted,
Summers came and winters passed,
Seedlings grew and bore a harvest,
On old Charlotte's shore, at last.

Time has passed, and gone the chieftain,
Gone the arrow, and the bow,
Gone the war canoe, and glory
That the Haida used to know.

Gone the day of its fruit bearing,
Stands the ancient apple tree,
Twisted, gnarled, and sere its branches,
Stands it still where all may see.
Many a storm has bent and bowed it,
Many a tempest passed it o'er
Since the storm, that cast, with wreck-age,
Apples on Queen Charlotte's shore.

There was wisdom in the thinking
That some strength and power are gained
By partaking of the foodstuffs
Others have their strength attained.
Jesus, our great Saviour bids us,
Bread of Life from Him receive,
If we then would know the power,
Christlike spirits all achieve.
*Queen Charlotte Islands in the Pacific
Ocean, off the coast of British Columbia.

Variety of Sounds THAT EMANATE FROM TREES

EVERY tree when swept by the wind gives a sound in keeping with the character of its leaves and branches. The sounds from the lofty branches of firs remind the listener of the murmuring of waters and are delightful to listen to. First you hear the soft rippling of waves, then, as the wind gathers force you get the impression of larger waves as they roll. With the dropping of the wind the sound becomes softer and softer until it is a mere whispering.

The beeches have their own sound. First there is a rustling, followed, as the wind's velocity increases, by a sullen roar not unlike the falling of water over steep rocks.

Perhaps the most curious of all tree sounds is that given off by the aspen. On a still evening the leaves are quiet, but the smallest waft of air will set them in motion. Then their rustling sound reminds one of a crowd of people, heard at a distance. With the freshening of the wind, such as often forecasts the coming of rain, the agitation of the leaves becomes very marked.

At such a time a person hearing the sound is likely to think that rain is falling. It is a common occurrence for people to say that they heard rain in the night, only to be reminded in the morning that there is an aspen tree near the window.

The oak is the noisiest of trees in a thunderstorm, because it reflects the echoes by its leaves and also by its stem, and raindrops have a more drumlike effect upon it than upon any other tree. It is in woods composed of oak trees that birds are at their best. Among pine trees, owing to the softness of the wood, which absorbs the sound, birds are not heard to the same advantage. The poplar tree, which is sensitive to electricity, is almost silent in a thunderstorm; but after the storm is over it is more noisy, because the twigs are more elastic.

L. E. Eubanks.

Seaweed collected by women on the coasts of Zanzibar in East Africa is sent to Britain. Cattle and poultry food is made from the seaweed. It is also used as a fertilizer.

SEVEN LANGUAGES

Used In South-West Africa Open-Air Meeting

BY BRIGADIER J. TUDOR USHER

ON our return from an extensive tour of Portuguese East Africa, and three useful weeks spent in visiting corps and comrades in that country, we found a letter awaiting us from a young minister friend in South-west Africa, inviting us to visit that remote land. It read: "There are problems here which the Army can meet, and the Army's method of approach to these is, I feel sure, the right one. This letter has been laid before the Lord and we post it believing that God will open up the way for the Army to do something in South-west Africa."

This letter was again "laid before the Lord," and the invitation discussed with Commissioner Durman, the Territorial Commander, who gave favourable consideration to the call and arranged that Mrs. Usher and I pay an initial visit.

Letters passed between divisional headquarters and our young minister friend, and resulted in the planning of a comprehensive week-end to be conducted in Windhoek. The station wagon's engine was tuned up for a long run of 1,300 miles, and we were off.

Travel by Night

Accompanied by a native officer, we paid a brief call at Kimberley, where we gave final touches to our likely requirements before we set out on the two-day journey. Following a winding road south, we passed through Prieska, and thereafter the country deteriorated into almost a desert. Dust seemed to seep into every nook and corner of the car, the heat became intense but the miles slipped by until we came again to the Orange River with its irrigated banks.

By nightfall we had crossed the border into South-west Africa at Nakop. The roads became extremely rough and, as far as the eye could see, the country was covered with small black stones, treeless and lifeless. By nine o'clock travelling was hazardous, even for the sturdy Plymouth, and it was a relief to catch sight of the yellow lights of Karasburg, shining like lonely stars in the night. A few hours' rest, a little refreshment and then long before daybreak we were again "hitting the trail."

Tossed and thrown about for another fifty miles, we at last found a better surface between the hills and kopjes approaching Keetmanshoop. Here and there human habitation was suggested by the presence of windmills and Karukal sheep grazing on—we could not see what, yet they appeared to thrive well.

We had left the country strewn with glistening stones and were now in grass lands, with bushes here and there. We had turned due north and an occasional wild ostrich crossed our path. On the banks of sandy river beds one could see the primitive huts of the bushman.

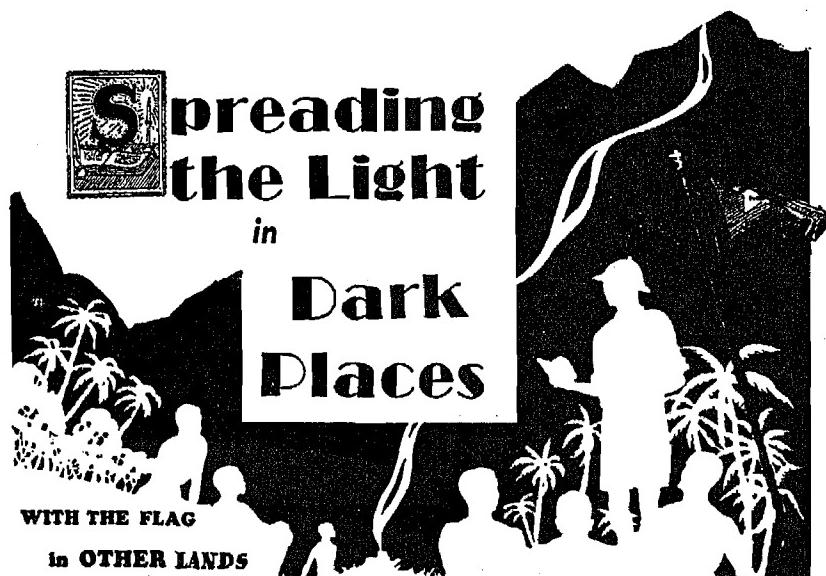
The sun was already low in the sky when we approached the hills surrounding Windhoek, the capital of South-west Africa. The road had now improved and soon we were running on the tarmac streets of a modern town, between rows of trees, lovely gardens, with church steeples pointing into a clear sky. The architecture of the nearly completed post office, with its louver designed front, for deflecting the direct rays of a hot sun—spoke well of the progressive spirit of the capital. Other buildings of recent erection testified of development and security.

We were not long in discovering our ministerial friends, and the Revs. Taylor and Honyane welcomed us warmly. After shaking off the desert dust and enjoying refreshment, we joined hands in a large open-air meeting in the location.

With the aid of a powerful petrol lamp we stood in the market place, and were soon surrounded by a great crowd eager to hear the message.

Using at times four interpreters, the Gospel story was told in English, Afrikaans, Nama, Zulu, Sesotho, Herrera and Xosa. Our congregation was unique. The colorfully draped Herrera women with their high headdress and Victorian skirts, bearing themselves with grace and dignity, contrasted oddly with girls who were clothed in modern western dress. One could see the very poor and shabby, drunken men and women, then the clean in dress and keen in intellect. Some faces shone like polished ebony in the rays of the lamp, others were almost white; while the Nama's yellow skin could be seen in the crowd.

What a congregation! Where could one find a message to hold the interest and attention of such a diversity of race, tongue and color? Only one story could possibly grip this audience and appeal to all—the message of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. Thirteen men and women knelt at the wooden Mercy-Seat in



SOUTH AFRICAN "HERALDS" CADETS

Farewell For Corps

MEETINGS of farewell to the Cadets were conducted by the Chief Secretary, Colonel A. Dalziel (who has also served in Canada) at Johannesburg City Corps and began with an open-air meeting

held in a suburb (to which, the chief secretary estimated, there must have been some 2,000 unseen listeners in the neighboring blocks of flats). Then came a helpful and inspired holiness meeting. Testimonies were voiced by Cadets Norgate, Smith, van Ryneveld and Holdstock, in which they told of their calling to officership and of its present-day meaning to them. In keeping with the spirit of the meeting Mrs. Lt.-Colonel J. Upperton and two of the women cadets rendered a song in three-part harmony.

The message of the chief secretary centred on the birth of the Christian Church and the coming of the Holy Spirit, when he showed how the gift of tongues applied to Christians today, and of the "power to become".

A topical theme was adopted for the open-air meeting at night, held on the city hall steps, and which was conducted by the Training Principal, Lt.-Colonel J. Upperton. The lively method used attracted a large crowd which remained throughout to listen to the Army's message.

Christ's Standards

Basing his final message on the effect of Pentecost on the first Christians, Colonel Dalziel described Christianity as a disturbing factor and spoke of its abnormality. "Christ," he said, "brought unusual standards," and went on to show how many, fearing to become "unusual" or "fanatical" allowed themselves to sink to the lower level of the world's usual standards.

Following the chief secretary's talk the cadets' quartet party sang an appropriate song, "Jesus calls me, I am going." There was one seeker who responded to the appeal made to claim the higher way of life.

In Many Tongues

IN the post-office of Buenos Aires they make a specialty of languages. Great numbers of immigrants reach that enterprising city every year, and many of them know no word of Spanish. They all visit the post-office in time, and the government has made it a point of greeting them there with someone speaking their native tongue. No matter from what part of the world they come, some clerk may be found who can understand them and talk freely to them. It is said that one day recently, at the same time, a Chinese, a German, a Frenchman, two Poles, a Lithuanian and three Englishmen—none of them able to speak or understand a word of Spanish—entered that friendly post-office, and all came out feeling that they had reached another homeland.



AT AN INDIAN HOSPITAL

(Left): "U-patients" of the MacRobert Hospital, Dharawal, India (where Captain Ruth Woollcott a Canadian missionary officer-nurse is stationed) washing at a primitive trough in the yard. (Below): Compound workers enjoying a feed of curry and rice in the hospital grounds.



that public place, praying in thirteen languages to one great God and Father of all. How wonderful!

God understood those prayers, even the strange incessant clicking of a bushman. A poor, drunken colored woman was praying in poor Afrikaans; a native man was praying in Herrera. Another Nama woman prayed in a language quite foreign to us. While these prayed the penitents' prayer, parson and officer prayed to God in Zulu, Xosa, English and Sesotho in thanksgiving for such a salvation.

At an indoor meeting following this open-air again there were those who sought the Saviour of men. The little church resounded with songs of salvation and of praise.

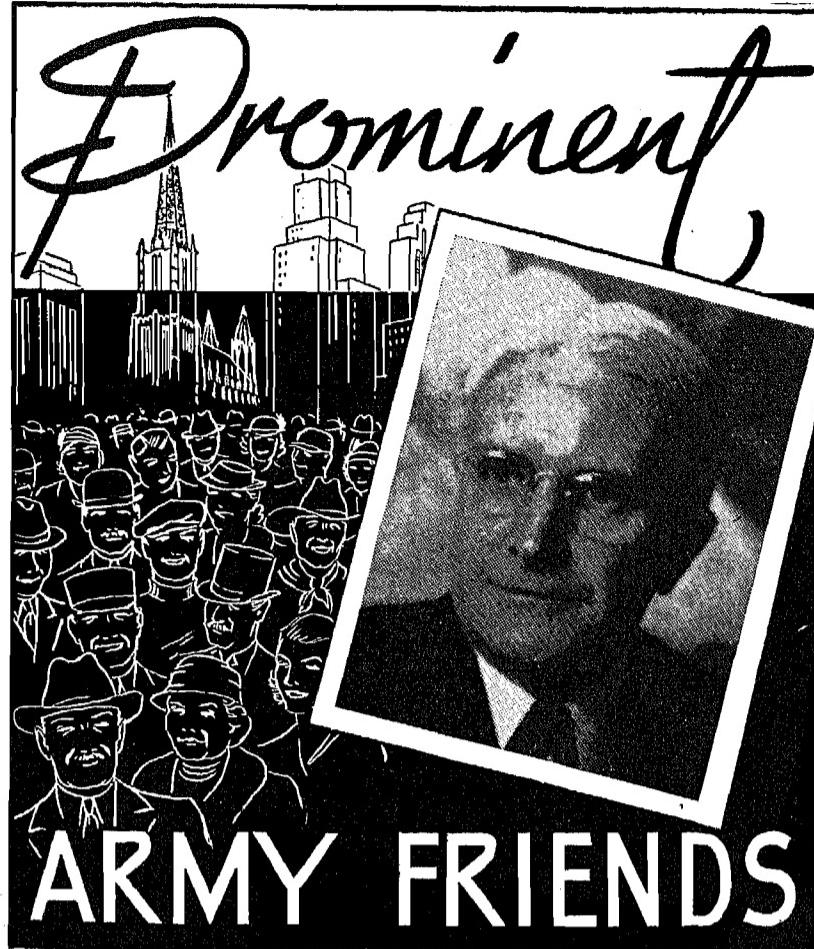
Chiming church bells announced the Lord's Day. Much of the weariness of the long, rough journey of

the previous day had worn off, and the light atmosphere of the South-West capital gave one a sense of freshness. (Windhoek stands some 6,000 feet above sea-level.)

At first the town was deserted and only an occasional car passed along the street, but later church-goers and sport-lovers alike came into the street, to find their respective ways to places of worship or to sports-fields.

We were introduced by the minister and the purpose of our visit was outlined. Some 150 white children sat in tiers across the front of the church, while almost every seat in the body of the church was occupied. It was the writer's privilege to direct his message to the Youth of the church in particular, and, at the same time, to charge its adult

(Continued on page 14)



DR. F. D. MUNROE, a graduate of McGill and practicing physician in Regina, Sask., has been an active member of the Army's Advisory Board for the past fifteen years. Since its inception, he has been consulting physician to the Byron Gate Eventide Home for Men. Dr. Munroe is a former Minister of Public Health in Saskatchewan. During his tenure of office, 1929-1934, he introduced and had enacted the Saskatchewan Cancer Commission Act, setting up two cancer clinics in Saskatchewan, and thus pioneering cancer-control in Canada. In June, 1950, recognition was given by the Canadian Cancer Society by appointing him an Honorary Life Member of the Society. For his work in mental health and particularly in introducing the psychopathic ward system in the Province, the Regina General Hospital has named one of its divisions, the Munroe Wing.

SOLDIER FIFTY-SIX YEARS

I read in the War Cry of July 4 that Brother William Goddard has celebrated fifty years of soldiership in a Toronto corps, and wonder if this is a record.

We congratulate Brother Goddard on this long term of service in one corps, but we of New Westminster have a soldier who has served here for fifty-six years. Sister Mrs. E. C. Innes was enrolled as a soldier of New Westminster Corps in June, 1897. One year later she was married in the citadel in full uniform, this being the first Army wedding to be held in this city. Sister Innes is a faithful attender at meetings and is always ready to witness to the saving and keeping power of the Lord she loves and serves.

Florence Sames,
Corps Correspondent
New Westminster, B.C.

Gravenhurst has also been heard from, the communication stating that Brother W. McCauley has put in fifty-six years continuous service at that corps.
Ed.

FIELD UNIT CONTACT

Here I am, one of the lucky ones to have had the Army field unit stop at my door! I was so glad, I could have hugged the officers. I once belonged to Rountree Corps, Toronto, and came up north here twenty-two years ago.

I live on a farm and have not been to an Army meeting for many years. When the nearest corps was ten miles away, I used to walk to the meetings.

I wish I had some Army records to play up here; I would like a price list. It would get the Army into our home. Thank God for the Army's work.

Mrs. James Holden,
Cochrane.

The Trade Department, 20 Albert St., Toronto, has sent Mrs. Holden a price list of Army recordings.—Ed.

LETTERS

To The Editor

THANKS TO HERALDS

I would like, through the medium of The War Cry, to express my sincere appreciation and heart-felt thanks to the many friends and comrades who visited me during my long stay in the hospital at St. John's. Special thanks to the cadets of the Heralds' session and other Army comrades who donated blood for me, and to the league of mercy who gave words of encouragement, smiles, and books.

To all who helped in any way I would like to say, "God bless you."
Sincerely,

Bramwell Thorne
Trinity Bay, Nfld.

P.S.: Incidentally the Intercessors Session and the training college staff gave me a Christmas gift (1951) of a year's subscription to the War Cry. It is a gift which I have enjoyed immensely.—B.T.

CANADIAN TREAT

Leigh-on-Sea,
Essex, England.

I wonder if you could find a little space in your War Cry for the following, as we do so appreciate the interest of the Canadian home leagues.

In April, at Leigh-on-Sea, we were able to entertain a party of deaf and dumb friends from the good-will post at Bethnal Green, Owen Sound, Ontario, having met the expense as a coronation treat.

NORWAY'S CONGRESS CONCLUDES ON A NOTE OF PRAISE

THE final march of Norway's Congress took place from Bislet Stadium to Frogner Stadium, Oslo, where the congress tent had been erected. In the praise and salvation meeting which followed, glory was given to God for the many people who had already sought Christ. General Albert Orsborn appealed to every individual to discountenance all considerations that would prevent a sincere facing up to the responsibilities presented today. An hour later forty-nine people had made decisions at the Mercy-Seat.

On Monday morning, Mrs. Orsborn addressed 1,500 women in the Forbundsal, talking to them of the vocation of the home-maker, its loneliness, its simplicities and its sanctities.

The General led three sessions of

officers' councils on Tuesday in the same hall, and a salvation meeting was conducted by local officers in the evening in the congress tent, with an attendance of 2,000 and forty seekers.

Forty-five cadets and the sergeants of Norway's "Heralds" session received their appointments the next evening from the hand of the General, who expressed delight in witnessing again "this annual miracle of devotion" and pleaded for a decision from those who were seeking to evade the path of service God was showing them. As the prayer meeting proceeded, seekers made their way to the Mercy-Seat, bringing the total number for this memorable Congress to 210.

ARCH R. WIGGINS, Colonel
Editor-in-Chief

COMMISSIONER J. J. ALLAN'S FAREWELL FROM SCOTLAND

THREE was no corps at Springburn when the father of the Chief of the Staff (Commissioner John J. Allan) became a Salvationist in the early days of the Army in Glasgow, but it was to his father's old home at Springburn that the future Commissioner came as a child when his officer-parents returned from America on furlough. And, when the Springburn comrades went home to meals between the three meetings the Chief led on Sunday, it was to the same humble dwelling in Kirkland Place, where his relatives have lived for nearly a century, that the Chief repaired.

Therefore, the morning meeting, in the hall which the corps has already outgrown, was essentially a homely gathering, and six comrades quickly responded to the opportunity given them during a period of personal testimony led by General Secretary, Colonel R. Morrison, himself born and bred in Springburn.

The afternoon and evening meetings were held in the hall of the Cooperative Society of which the Chief's uncle was president for many years. In introducing the chairman, Bailie John McAslin, O.B.E., J.P., Brigadier Herbert Nunn spoke of him as a worthy citizen and a Christian gentleman. The Chief's lecture described what the Army is attempting to do to meet the challenges and emergencies of the world today.

Among the distinguished company supporting the chairman were the Reverend T. M. Duncan, who offered prayer, the Reverend C. Vincent Williams, who read the Scripture portion, and Mr. D. J. Forester, J.P., who thanked the Chief and the chairman.

A full hall faced the Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Commissioner Edgar Grinsted, when he led the opening song in the final meeting and called upon the Divisional Commander, Brigadier Robert Trainer, to offer prayer. The congregation closely followed the message of the band, songsters, male voice quartet and the vocal solo of Senior-Major James Frazer, before the Chief gave the Bible address.

Once more he spoke of the will of God and the strength given to those who obey Him.

The hall was almost as full an hour later when the prayer meeting closed with twenty souls having sought Christ. Then the bandsmen and songsters who had valiantly supported throughout the day led the congregation in singing "God be with you till we meet again."

The weekend campaign began in the Christian Institute, in the centre of Glasgow, where the territorial commander welcomed the chief of the staff to Scotland on Saturday evening. The band from Kirkcaldy Sinclair Town, a vocalist from Edinburgh Gorgie, Sister Mrs. Nunn, and a cornetist from Kilbirnie, Bandmaster Robert Irvine, joined with Springburn Band and Songsters to provide a program over which the Chief presided.

can hear and the dumb can understand."

Yours faithfully,
Mary Macfarlane
Lt.-Colonel

Honored At Retirement

IN connection with the retirement of Sr.-Major Wheeler a public farewell meeting was held in the Charlottetown Citadel at which the chairman of the Prince Edward Island Advisory Board, Mr. T. R. Cudmore, presided. Greetings and messages were read from Commissioner Wm. R. Dalziel, Colonel R. Harewood, Lt.-Colonel M. Houghton and Brigadier C. Knaap expressing the Army's appreciation for her service and leadership.

Premier A. W. Matheson paid a tribute to the Major's administrative ability and stated that a splendid piece of work had been done at Sunset Lodge.

The Minister of Health and Welfare, Hon. B. Earle MacDonald, thanked Major Wheeler for her part in developing a sense of security and well-being amongst the guests of the home. The Assistant Superintendent, Major M. Stevens, conveyed the best wishes of the guests of Sunset Lodge for her retirement. Corps Treasurer B. White made a "Farewell Salute" on behalf of the comrades of the corps. The chairman also thanked the retiring superintendent on behalf of the advisory board.

Major Wheeler in reply, expressed her appreciation for the interest in her work shown by the people of the province, and for the opportunities of service which the appointment had afforded.

Due to the necessity of making alterations required for the erection of a new territorial headquarters, the Toronto Welfare and Relief Office, 37 Dundas Street East, will—until further notice—be located at 76 Queen Street East.

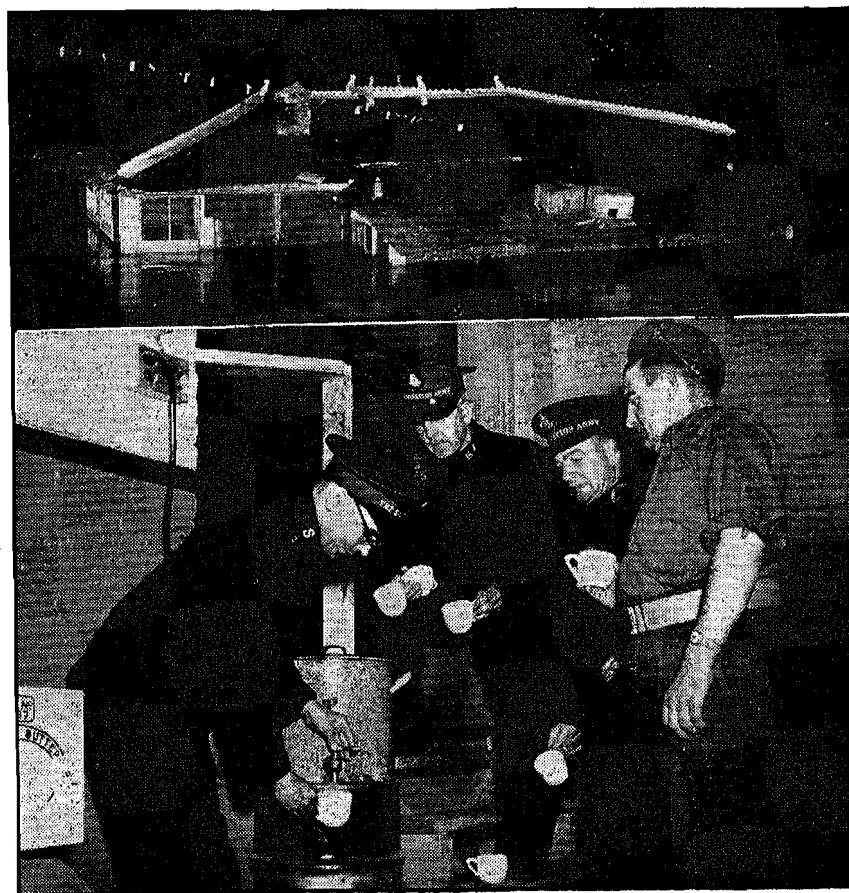
* * *

Mrs. Rebecca Thomas, known to many old-time officers as "Cadet Dotty Black"—one who served as an officer in the days of the Quebec riots—has been promoted to Glory from Dovercourt, Toronto.

* * *

Senior-Major Clara Cope, of Vida Lodge, Toronto, wishes to express the appreciation of the family for the messages of sympathy received in connection with the promotion to Glory of Sister Margaret Cope, of Toronto Temple Corps.

(UPPER) FLOODS AT LETHBRIDGE, ALTA., caused considerable damage, inundating the power-house, among other buildings, and plunging the town in darkness. (Lower) Sr.-Major J. Steele, Captain S. Nahirney and Bandsman A. Venables are seen dispensing refreshments.



Nova Scotia Acquires a Camp

AFTER YEARS of hiring camps for Bible study, fellowship, home league, scouts, guides, musicians and fresh-air children the Nova Scotia Division has succeeded in purchasing a fine site at New Glasgow. The top picture shows the Divisional Commander, Brigadier N. Warrander, and the Divisional Young People's Secretary, Sr.-Major A. Moulton receiving a Union Jack (for flying at the camp's flag-pole) from the President and Secretary of the Daughters of the Empire. (Lower) Officers and home leaguers gathered at the camp's first session.



OFFICERS WELCOMED

The Divisional Commander, Sr.-Major F. Moulton, piloted the welcome meeting to 1st-Lieutenant and Mrs. P. Gardner, when the soldiers and friends of the Army in Orillia met these new leaders. Confidence was expressed that all will go forward under their guidance. The band, songsters, home league, and the young people's corps voiced their welcome.

Summer visitors are swelling attendances at Sunday meetings, and the soldiers' meetings are also being well attended.

Lieut. and Mrs. Gardner spoke of their resolve to do their best.

IMPRESSIVE DEDICATION

Officers who have conducted recent meetings at Peterborough, Ont. (Sr.-Major and Mrs. H. Roberts) have included Major and Mrs. C. Everitt and 2nd-Lieut. and Mrs. C. Bowes.

Major and Mrs. Everitt, former corps officers at Peterborough, led the Sunday holiness meeting, when the infant daughters of Young People's Band Leader and Mrs. G. Weller, and of Bandsman and Mrs. G. Jones, and the son of Bro. and Mrs. Wright were dedicated under the flag, in a deeply moving service. Mrs. Major Everitt sang.

The night salvation meeting was led by 2nd-Lieut. Bowes, including the broadcast period, assisted by Mrs. Bowes. These young officers, who went out from Peterborough in recent years, also led the week-night meeting, with the "commandos" assisting.

Their messages were of inspiration.

SOUL-SAVING REJOICINGS

Comrades of New Westminster, B.C. (Major and Mrs. I. Halsey), rejoiced on a Sunday evening over souls at the Mercy-Seat. The hall was filled for a period of singing prior to the salvation meeting. A testimony meeting was led by Candidate M. Steeves. Second-Lieut. I.-Roed was welcomed to the corps and, in giving her testimony, told of God's call to officership and the joy she had found in obeying.

Second-Lieutenant W. Brown was the speaker, and the topic, "Forgiveness", God used to bring conviction; two men immediately knelt at the penitent-form. They were followed by a man and his wife. As the prayer meeting continued two young sisters also came to find peace and pardon.

The meeting closed with a hallelujah march around the hall and by the singing from full hearts of the triumphant song, "Give to Jesus glory!"

A MODERN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

AFITTING climax to Youth Year Congress in Newfoundland was a program given by the young people of the four St. John's corps, and presented at the Salvation Army College auditorium, which was packed for the occasion. Commissioner Wm. R. Dalziel presided, and expressed his commendation at the success of the congress arrangements, and at the idea of concluding with a Youth program.

Apart from an acceptable cornet and accordion duet "Ode to Newfoundland," by Sr.-Captains E. Parr and K. Rawlins, and an instructive demonstration by Mundy Pond brownies, the main item of the program was a well-written and produced sketch, (adapted by the Chancellor, Major W. Ross) which drew a parallel between Bunyan's Christian and a modern-day pilgrim. The trials and discouragements of a young Salvationist—who had heard the call and who was beset by numerous temptations—was graphically portrayed. Obeying the call, the youth "grew" to manhood and, after a life of service as an officer, was shown on his "death-bed," managing, in his "last moments," to finger his beloved flag and explain the meaning of its colors. In thanking those responsible, the Com-

missioner spoke of the touching and impressive nature of the presentation.

Thus concluded a God-glorifying series of congress gatherings, the total attendance at all meetings reaching a figure close to 8,000. Souls were saved, faith was stimulated and the work of God considerably strengthened.

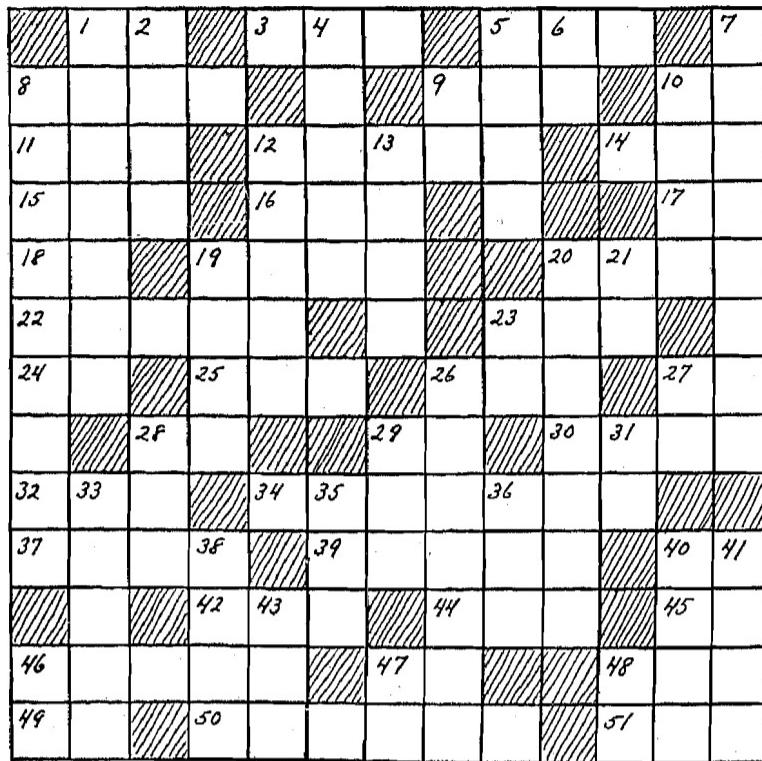
Founder's Great-grandchildren

CADET Bramwell Booth, a son of Commissioner and Mrs. Wycliffe Booth, the territorial leaders in Norway, has been appointed a cadet-sergeant at the International Training College, London. Canadian Salvationists will recall that Sergeant Booth was a soldier of Montreal Citadel corps until his departure for London to enter the training college there.

It is also announced that his sister, 2nd-Lieut. Fleur Booth, has been transferred from Italy to the staff of the International Training College. Some descriptions of the work in Italy from her pen appeared in the Canadian War Cry some time ago.

3

BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE



No. 13

C. W.A.C. Co.

Answer to
last week's
puzzle

C	W	H	O	S	O	E	V	E	R	W
E	L		B	E	A	R	I	S	O	
L	D	R	I	N	K	E	T	H	T	R
L	I	F	E	S	S	R	O	W	E	D
O	F	T	H	E	W	A	T	E	R	
	S	A	C	W	A	S	L	I	T	
T	H	A	T	I	S	H	A	L	L	
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L	E	G	I	V	E	H	I	M	P	
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E	P	H	S	H	A	L	S	I	R	
D	E	E	P	E	R	I	A	E	P	
N	E	V	E	R	T	H	I	R	S	T

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- HORIZONTAL**
- "I say unto one, . . . and he goeth", Luke 7:8
 - ". . . brother shall rise again" John 11:23
 - See 5 down
 - Place the miracle was performed
 - "Hereafter ye shall . . . heaven open" John 1:61
 - ". . . the father knew that it was at the same hour" John 4:53
 - Alderman
 - The copy of Scripture smote him there under the fifth . . ." II Sam. 8:27
 - A dessert
 - and 29 down "Sir, come down . . . my child . . ." John 4:49
 - Grand Lodge
 - Hebrew deity
 - and 20 "where he the water . . ." John 4:46
 - To tat again
 - "ye will . . . believe" John 4:48
 - Compass point
 - "O woman, great is . . . faith" Matt. 15:28
 - "whose . . . was sick" John 4:46
 - Lava
 - "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among . . ." John 1:14
 - Concerning
 - "as he was now going . . ." John 4:51
 - Doctor of Both Laws
 - Social musical parties
 - "would not lift up so . . . as his eyes unto heaven" Luke 18:13
 - "seventh hour the . . . left him" John 4:52
 - House of Commons
 - Answer . . .
 - "I have meat to . . . that ye know not of" John 4:32
 - Small yellow bird
 - "the hour when he

A WEEKLY TEST OF BIBLE KNOWLEDGE

- to amend" John 4:52
- Royal Navy
- Buzz
- Each
- "he ever . . . to make intercession" Heb. 7:25
- "ye . . . of this world" John 8:23
- A saying of Jesus is 1, 3, 5, 25, 26, and 50 combined
- VERTICLE**
- 1 Cana of . . .
- 2 Wavy (Heraldry)
- 4 "When he . . . that Jesus was come out of . . . Judaea" John 4:47
- 5 and 5 across "and he . . . his . . ." John 4:50
- 6 Diphthong
- 7 "there was a certain . . ." John 4:46
- 8 Place nobleman resided
- 9 Continent in Western Hemisphere
- 10 and 20 "Except ye see s and . . ." John 4:48
- 12 "he was at the point of . . ." John 4:47
- 13 "Bring forth therefore
- fruits . . . for repen-tance" Matt 3:8
- 19 Rugs
- 20 See 10 down
- 21 and 40 "father knew that . . . was at the same . . ." John 4:53
- 23 "so great faith, not in Israel" Matt 8:10
- 26 "his . . . met him" John 4:51
- 27 The end of law
- 28 United Daughters of the Confederacy
- 29 See 16 across
- 31 Bone
- 33 Country in Palestine (var.)
- 35 Often
- 36 Even (contr.)
- 38 See 41 down
- 40 See 21 down
- 41 and 38 " . . . down, and . . . his son" John 4:47
- 43 Tropical American cuckoo
- 46 "How can these things . . ." John 3:9
- 47 Second note in scale
- 48 Laughter sound

Have You Remembered The Salvation Army in Your Will?

SINCE the year 1865 The Salvation Army has demonstrated its effectiveness in dealing with human problems, distress and maladjustments through its varied and highly-organized network of character-building activities. The Salvation Army is legally competent to accept bequests. Upon request, information or advice will be furnished by:

Commissioner Wm. R. Dalziel, Territorial Commander
588 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.

INSUFFICIENT POSTAGE

TO those concerned, a communication from Indonesia indicates that many cards and letters, both surface and air mail, arrive short of postage, causing embarrassment and expense to the receivers. Lt.-Colonel H. Littler says that at least five cents should be placed on an ordinary card or letter.

JUST A HOUSEWIFE

THE contemporary attitude of society which dismisses a woman as "just a housewife" becomes all the more silly and unfounded when you appreciate this fact: that a man's income effectiveness, studies have definitely shown, is increased thirty to sixty per cent through the work of his wife in the home.

A CHURCH MEMBER EXPLAINS

Her Interest In The Home League

MANY years ago my parents were members of Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London, England. The great preacher, Thomas Spurgeon, was known to thousands who came from all parts of the city to hear him. Although quite young at the time, I have carried with me through the years a text he preached on: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

This, I have found to be true; the bread of giving was never lost, but had the wine of the spirit added, too. The material sacrifice—if so it may be called—is by far transcended into the inner spiritual gain, and the blessed feeling of having served the Lord.

When my opportunities to serve in other ways were running out, an invitation by a friend to a pleasant afternoon at the home league was accepted. I was much impressed by the friendliness, sincerity and

loosened and the blood circulates freely once more, allowing the spirit again to take control.

In talking with some of the officers, I learned much of the good work done by the home league: the works of the camps and the soul-inspiring services and care given to any in need of it. All these things have made me an ardent member of the league, and I proudly wear the home league pin.

A fine idea is the promotion of personal thoughtfulness in the birthday parties and the exchange of gifts. It is not just the gifts, but the Christian spirit of love behind it that counts. Since all the work accomplished by the home league is given in the spirit of love, and we are told that "God is love," truly He must bless those efforts wrought in His name.

Another thing I found was an aptitude for creative work which I did not know I had. This has been



DELEGATES from three corps attending home league rally at Yorkton, Sask. (Front row) Divisional Home League Secretary, Mrs. Brigadier A. Dixon, with "queens" for the day: Mrs. Ransom, of Melville; Mrs. Anderchuk, of Kamsack; and Mrs. G. Betts, of Yorkton.

good will shown towards an outsider, a member of the church. There was no distinction made, all recognizing that both the Church and the Army were working for the one great aim, to bring the "Kingdom of God on earth", as the Master taught.

I found much of practical value in the making of garments and household necessities. Also I found one of the important needs of all—relaxation, so desperately needed in many instances by women living under a great strain or lonely or sick. A little fun and laughter often does wonders in breaking down tension, whereby the nerves are

a great blessing which I can hardly express.

The spiritual part of the meeting is much enjoyed, lifting all hearts out of the mundane into spiritual realms, giving balm and solace to any tired spirits present. We all get tired and sore in spirit at times.

This, then, is how I record my findings of the home league—that Christ truly dwells among its members. The Church, too, has many fine Christian workers, all working along the same lines, to which I am proud also to belong. May the Lord bless the home league and all others working in His name.

Mrs. J. W. Smith, Fenelon Falls, Ont.

From **WITHIN WALLS**

Spiritual Insulation

ASSURANCE not only produces happiness, it provides the born-again Christian with spiritual insulation.

I heard a helpful message over the radio at Bethesda, London, on a morning early in January. The message concerned the buoyancy of faith—Christian faith.

A few hours later "farewell orders and appointment" came through the mail. Spiritual insulation worked—I was happy, confident, buoyant; secure in the love of God, and trusting my God-appointed leaders.

Air-conditioning and insulation have effected a radical change in buildings, and in travelling conditions. Insulation makes all the difference between comfort and discomfort.

Spiritual insulation can be described as a conditioner, or a BUFFER OF ASSURANCE, that takes the jolts out of life. It's true we may be surprised,

shocked, and even staggered by the turn of events. But we are not overcome. Assurance is confidence, and confidence is the outcome of knowledge. "I know in whom I have believed." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." John, the Divine, spoke for Christians of all time, when he recorded these words; "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask any thing according to His will, He heareth us."

"I know that my Redeemer lives, What joy the sweet assurance gives! He lives triumphant from the grave, He lives omnipotent to save."



BY
SR. - MAJOR MARION NEIL R.N.



Youthful Grooming

GROWING up pretty is more than a matter of chance. It is important that young girls be taught beauty habits early in life.

Since most daughters delight in copying, it is important that mothers set good examples. Good grooming should be made a mother-and-daughter game. Mothers should guide their daughters in acquiring the know-how of cleanliness and beauty.

Suggested steps in the game include:

1. Train her to be neat and orderly.

2. Show her that bath time can be fun time. A bath brush, fragrant soap, and soft, fluffy towels of her own will give her a love of cleanliness.

3. Give her a junior edition of a manicure set. Show her how to care for her nails and hands.

4. Teach her to brush, shampoo, and set her hair.

5. Give her a pleasant-tasting but effective dentifrice and have the dentist show her the correct brushing techniques.

6. Make good posture a part of her everyday life.

7. Let her have a say in choosing her clothes.

GOODNESS REVEALED

Gail Brook Burkett

A TREE is like a pointed spire
To lead man's callous eye
From stolid earth to boundless
realms
Of thought-compelling sky.
I thank the Giver of all trees
That daily here man sees
The goodness of the Lord revealed
In glimpses of tall trees.

For the Cook's File

SUPERB MACARONI SALAD

A T most tables a salad based on macaroni will be something of a novelty. You can use the little ready-cut Macaroni elbows which are effective because of their curved shape. But if what you have on hand is the long macaroni you can break it into very short pieces. Cook your macaroni in a very large pot of salted water; drain it immediately. It is tender and rinse with cold water. Yield—6 servings.

4 cups cold cooked macaroni
1 cup diced celery
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
2 green onions, thinly sliced
1 hard-cooked egg chopped (optional)
Salt and pepper
Mayonnaise or other thick dressing

Turn the macaroni into a bowl. Add the prepared celery, green pepper, green onions and hard-cooked egg (if used).

Toss salad lightly together, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper and moistening generously with mayonnaise or other thick dressing.

Chill before serving.

Along with this hearty salad we would also advise a tossed green salad—anything from a slaw to your most elaborate mixture of nicely treated vegetables.

HOW TO KEEP SWEET

BY COMMISSIONER S. L. BRENGLE

"I WISH someone would tell me how to keep sweet," said a young girl, with a pathetic look on her anxious face.

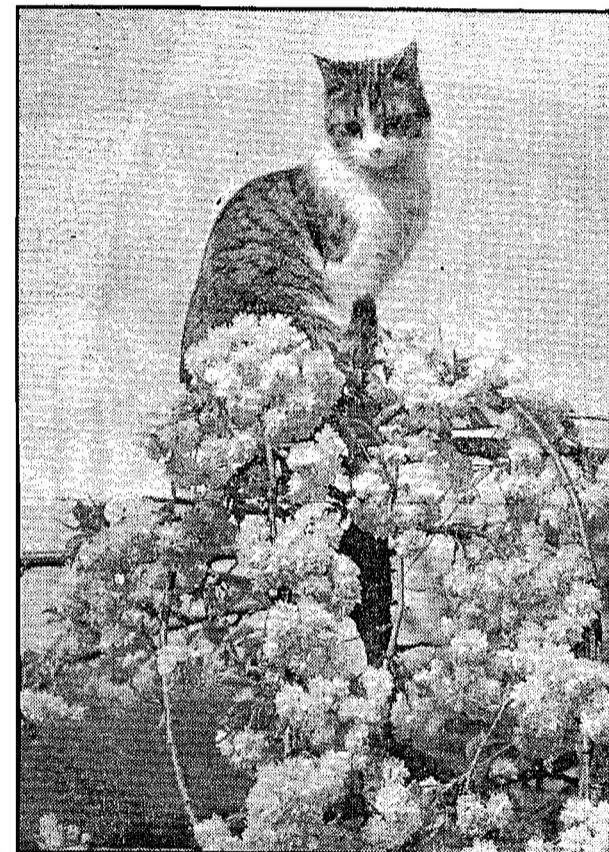
Strange to say, the Scriptures do not tell us how to keep sweet, but the Saviour bids us, "Have salt in yourselves," and then adds what may stand for sweetness, "Have peace one with another." Paul writes, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." Possibly the "grace" in this text stands for the sweetness so longed for by this young woman.

Her longing to keep sweet was a heavenly desire, no doubt begotten in her by the Holy Spirit; and God

all about us, and all we need to do is to open the windows and let it flood in.

So it is with the peace of God. Let it rule in our hearts.

Again, "Let this mind be in you, which was in Christ Jesus." Jesus sought nothing for Himself. He gave all and was among his fellow men as one who served. Where service is voluntary and glad it sweetens all life, and anyone who would choose to keep sweet must choose the lowly mind of the Master and rejoice in all he puts his hand to. Doing work as unto the Lord, as though it were being done for Him, will surely sweeten all work.



KING
OF THE
CASTLE

A charming picture of a photogenic kitten atop the pink cherry blossoms in an English garden. The kitten completes a study in grace and beauty.

was, and is, waiting to fulfil that desire.

Alas, all too many of us are quite content to be sour, grouchy, ill-tempered, impatient, angry, hasty, and hurtful in speech and temper.

Some people seem to be naturally pleasant and sweet-tempered and are seldom disturbed, abounding in good health, good temper, and good will, but without God's help, this sweetness will not last.

It is only the constant and conscious indwelling of the Holy Spirit that can keep shorthand-typists in busy offices, tired mothers with crying children in cramped rooms, and burdened business men with anxieties and vexations, always sweet to the very end.

It can keep them always Christ-like, firm without stubbornness, calm without indifference, meek without weakness, yielding without cowardice or compromise, or cheerful without levity, or neglect of responsibility.

"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts... and be ye thankful," writes Paul. He does not seem to think it a difficult, or impossible task to have the spirit of peace always pervading us. All we have to do is to "let it," for it is always at hand.

We do not have to ascend to the heavens to get sunshine, for it pours

Finally, "Let brotherly love continue." Love is the great sweetener of all life. The heart that loves unfailing will be a fountain of sweet waters from which healing streams will flow. Such a heart blesses its possessors and all who are round about, and is both a fountain and a fire.

If the love fires are fed every day with fresh fuel from God's Word; if they are blown upon by the breath of prayer and praise; if the draughts are kept open by testimony and personal effort for others, they will never go out, but will burn on and on until they are caught up and commingled with the eternal forces of love that burn in the hearts and enlighten for ever the angelic hosts of Heaven.

Oh, how they love in Heaven! Let us emulate them upon earth and we shall never fail to know the secret of keeping sweet on earth.

Worn-out blankets can be put to several good uses and should never be thrown away. Here is one very good way of using them up. Cut several strips from the old blanket and sew them together one on top of the other. Cover them with a piece of old white cotton sheet and tack them on to the ironing board. They will make a most useful covering.

Hereditary Religion

A RELIGIOUS ancestry does not necessarily insure a religious posterity. The life and power of religion do not go by descent.

The children of the godly are not always godly.

Many come, as God's people come, and sit as God's people sit, because their pious progenitors left them the example, or trained them in the practice.

Like the Samaritans, they can say, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain."

They occupy the same pew, sing the same hymns, hear the same truths, hold the same doctrines, and are attached to the same forms.

Outwardly, they and their fathers are one. But, too often, they have the shell without the kernel. They are followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises, in everything but faith and patience.

In place of the living piety of their godly predecessors, there is the intellectual perception of the truth, and the outward observances, but the dead soul.

It is the religion of habit, not the religion of the heart.

George Wilkinson

A Housewife's Prayer

ORD, help me to keep from complaining, however down-hearted I feel;
The news is so full of disaster, my own little woes I'd conceal.
I weary of others' fault-finding with taxes, with work and with life.
May I speak a word that will comfort, not add to the worry and strife.

Lord, help me to keep from complaining, and count all Thy mercies, instead;
Thy love lights each duty and trial,
in pathways of peace I am led.
Thy strength comes each day as I need it; forgiven, I'm happy and free;
Then help me to keep from complaining, and prove that I'm trusting in Thee.

Homemaker.

GOD SHOWED HIM

THE noted Negro educator and chemist, George Washington Carver, was once called before a Senate Committee to testify concerning his work with the peanut. "Where did you learn all these things?" he was asked.

"From an old book," he replied promptly.

"What book?" the chairman asked.

"The Bible."

"But what does the Bible say about peanuts?" queried the surprised chairman.

"Nothing, Mr. Senator," replied Dr. Carver, "but it tells about God who made the peanut. I asked Him to show me what to do with it and He did."

TO WARM THE COCKLES OF ONE'S HEART

A N unexpected present, a kind act, or good news are all said "to warm the cockles of one's hart." Why "cockles"? Because the valves or ventricles of the heart are medically known as "cochleae."

Army Uniform Seen For First Time

By Many In Northern Ontario

FROM the Northern Ontario division where The Salvation Army Field Unit is operating during the summer months in the mining and lumbering districts, Captain Margaret Green writes:

For the past three weeks we have been in the far north, about 700 miles from Toronto, in the town of Kapuskasing which has a population of over 5,000. A large percentage of the people are French-Canadian. This is the end of the road and to go farther north you must travel by boat or train.

It is a large industrial centre, and the Spruce Falls Pulp and Paper Company is situated here, one of the largest in the world, which supplies all the newsprint for the New York Times and the Chicago Tribune. Second-Lieutenant Joan Perry and I were escorted through the mill, where over 1,500 men are employed.

Apart from seeing the Army uniform at the time of the Red Shield Drive, the sight of two Salvationist lassies in the town was quite new to many, and varied have been the questions asked concerning the Army and its mission. Many people in the outlying districts had never seen an Army uniform before, and often the question is asked of us, "Is The Salvation Army Catholic or Protestant?" The other day, when conducting an open-air meeting in a small village, Lieutenant Perry was trying to explain to a young teen-ager a little about the Army and its origin. She said that it commenced in England, and with that the little girl replied, "And you have come over from England to start the Army here!" We take it for granted that everyone knows The Salvation Army, but to many it is just a name.

Although most of the people earn large salaries, they are living just for today, and religious life is at a low ebb. There is little regard for Sunday, and the pulp and paper mill operates on Sunday just the same, with three shifts, and this hampers church attendance.

Money-Making and Sabbath Breaking

We found it difficult to get a hall for worship, and for the first week conducted open-air and cottage meetings. We had our first open-air meeting on Saturday night. The people stood and listened, and appeared interested in our music and message. We visited the beverage rooms with The War Cry, and found them filled with bush-workers who squander all their hard-earned money on liquor.

Permission was granted by the Department of Lands and Forests

The Byersville Outpost, operated by the corps at Peterborough, Ont., for several years, has progressed so favorably that it is now being recognized as a separate corps. The inauguration of the new corps takes place early in August, with 2nd-Lieut. R. Ingleby being appointed as the first commanding officer.

* * *

The Army is definitely on the air in British Columbia. Sr.-Major J. Habkirk conducted the Sunday morning broadcasts during July, at which time Major I. Halsey conducted a special series of broadcasts from New Westminster every morning during the week, and Brigadier F. Oxley also spoke from the same station on the Sunday. In addition to these services, an Army broadcast is being given each Sunday at one o'clock from Vancouver, with a different corps officer each week as the leader.

for us to conduct a meeting at a lumber camp, the only one accessible by road in this area. Of the one hundred men in camp, three-quarters of them were French-Canadians, but fifty of them gathered in the recreation hall to take part in a Salvation Army meeting. Some had not been to a place of worship for years. How they sang the chorus, "Roll, roll your burdens away" and listened intently to the message from the Word of God. As

ed: German, Russian, Polish, Norwegian, Yugo-Slav, French and English, and although many were unable to read English, they all joined heartily in singing "What a Friend We Have in Jesus". The Norwegian couple have been converted during our stay here, as well as a Swedish man, who has attended nearly every gathering we have held.

We were unable to get a hall to conduct meetings, so we rented a



DEDICATION SERVICE conducted in Kapuskasing, Ont., by the officers of the field unit, Captain M. Green and 2nd-Lieut. J. Perry, who are seen holding the children of Brother and Sister G. Harrison. The parents both accepted Christ during the visit of the field unit to the town. In the background, holding the flag, is the grandfather of the children, Mr. G. Harrison, Sr.

we move farther down the line, we expect to conduct meetings in other lumber and mining camps.

A Little Bit of The Orient

This week we had rather a unique experience. Twenty-five miles back in the bush, we located a settlement of Japanese families. The men are all bush-workers, and the pulp and paper company have erected homes for their families. We discovered ten families, with thirty-three children. They have a school of their own, with a Japanese teacher. There is no electric light, no radios, no running water, none of the comforts of life as we know them, but they were surprisingly happy. In the afternoon we conducted a meeting with the boys and girls in school. When questioned, we discovered that not one of them had ever seen anyone in Salvation Army uniform before. We made a simple explanation of who we were and of what The Salvation Army's program consisted. To them it was something quite different, but we soon had them singing Army choruses and clapping their hands and they were quite taken with it all. After school we had an open-air meeting, and then at night the children, with their mothers, gathered in the schoolhouse and we held another meeting. Following the meeting a delicious lunch was served, which had been prepared by the women, when everybody had a social time together. When we were leaving, they handed us an envelope with money in it, as their expression of thanks for our visit.

One of the cottage meetings proved to be rather extraordinary. A Norwegian couple opened their home to us, and invited their neighbors to attend our meeting. We found that in the meeting the following nationalities were represent-

vacant store, and secured chairs free of charge from the town hall. For one week we have held children's meetings each afternoon after school, and a service each night at 8 o'clock. Many of the young folks sought the Lord for the first time.

We have conducted our first dedication service in this town. We found a couple who do not attend church and in conversation discovered that the two children had not been dedicated. After we had visited the home two or three times, they raised the question as to whether we would conduct the ceremony. The parents are both under deep conviction, and we are praying for their salvation before we leave.

(Editor's Note:—Since receiving this report word has come to hand that the parents have both sought salvation.)

JAPANESE CONTACTS IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

AS RECORDED in the accompanying article, the field unit visited a Japanese settlement, and the teacher is seen in the picture greeting Captain M. Green, officer in charge of the field unit.



TERRITORIAL TERRITORIES.....

Sr.-Captain and Mrs. H. deVries, of Timmins, Ont., have recently welcomed a son, Paul, to their home.

Mrs. Captain J. Garcia (Captain Hazel Williamson, a Canadian missionary officer), writes to say that her new address is as follows: Casilla 317, Osorno, Chile, South America.

Second-Lieut. Ingebjorg Roed, daughter of Mrs. Major E. Roed (R), has recently been transferred from Great Britain to Canada. She has been appointed to the Sunset Lodge, New Westminster, B.C.

Salvationist visitors to this year's Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto will be interested to see a model of the new Territorial Headquarters building which is to be erected on the old site at 20 Albert Street. This model will be on display in the Army's booth at the C.N.E.

Former Missionary

Mrs. Major F. Watson (R), answers the Home Call

THE early ambition of Mrs. Major Filmer Watson (R), who was recently promoted to Glory from Vancouver, was to serve on the missionary field. This was realized when after some years of service in the British Field, Captain and Mrs. Watson were accepted for overseas service and appointed to the West Indies. During the seven and a half years in that territory they served for some time amongst the workers on the Panama Canal.

In 1911 Major and Mrs. Watson were transferred to Canada and were well known and highly esteemed through the eastern provinces for their service. Apart from a short term at Orillia, Ont., Corps and the Red Shield Centre in Toronto during World War I, their labors were in connection with the Men's Social work. Major and Mrs. Watson entered retirement from the Hamilton Hostel and Industrial Centre in 1931.

The funeral service of Mrs. Major Watson was conducted by Colonel J. Tyndall (R), assisted by the Divisional Commander, Brigadier R. Gage. Prayer was offered by Sr.-Major J. Habkirk and the Commanding Officer, Sr.-Major C. Watt, of the Vancouver Temple Corps, where the departed veteran had been a soldier, paid a tribute to her life and influence. Songster Mrs. McKenzie gave a comforting message in song.

Comrade officers and Salvationists throughout the territory extend their sympathy to Major Watson in his loss of a beloved wife.

BANDMASTER and Mrs. Harmen Harmenson, of Holland, have recently been welcomed to Canada and the Calgary Citadel Corps. The bandmaster was in charge of the Hague Congress Hall Corps Band, and also played Eb soprano cornet for the Dutch National Staff Band. A real Canadian welcome was extended to these fine Salvationists by the Calgary Citadel Corps.

A large crowd gathered on a recent Thursday night, bringing gifts of food with them, giving the new Canadians a full pantry of Canadian produce.

After being treated to some music by the Dutch National Staff Band via a tape recording, the bandmaster and his wife, along with Bandsman and Mrs. Bozewinkel (who came to Canada some years ago) sang one or two songs in Dutch, which were of much blessing. The personal testimonies of our comrades were a real inspiration.

The Commanding Officer, Major W. Ratcliffe, acted as master of ceremonies, introducing the Divisional Commander, Lt.-Colonel F. Merrett, who spoke of the great fellowship of the Army which was international in its scope. The Colonel extended a warm welcome to the bandmaster and his wife to Alberta. The corps officer also presented to the bandmaster and his wife a lovely chrome-plated model horse, with bronze cowboy rider, emblematic of the famous stampede city to which they had come.

The new Canadian Salvationists declared they had been overwhelmed at the welcome they had received.

* * * Dutch Greetings

The same day's mail that brought the picture and report of the welcome to Calgary Citadel of Bandmaster Harmenson from Holland, brought to the Editorial Department a letter from his comrades in his native land. This letter contained the picture shown herewith of the bandmaster leading his band in Holland, and contained good wishes for his future success and happiness. The letter, in part, follows:

Now our bandmaster has departed for Calgary, Canada, I send you this photo of our band and ask you if possible to have it reproduced in the Canadian War Cry as a kind of welcome in Canada on behalf of his Netherlands' comrades.

I myself met a lot of Canadian soldiers during the war, and among them several Salvationists, in the year, 1945. I remember with joy the good days we spent together. We have not forgotten yet—and indeed never shall forget—all the help we got from your friendly fellow-Canadians during the war, and not long ago in the days of flood. We prefer helping others to being in need of help ourselves, but all the help we got from these till-then-unknown people has moved us deeply.

With heartiest feelings of Salvationist brotherhood,

"Visser"

Busy English Band

In addition to normal duties, Nelson Band (England) has, during two weeks, played for a Rogation Day church procession, accompanied singing at a united church service held for the Coronation at the local football ground, and conducted by the Bishop of Blackburn; headed the Mayor's march to church and headed the town's Sunday school procession.

Commissioner John S. Bladin, International Travelling Commissioner, is announced to conduct the final weekend at the Old Orchard Camp meetings. Following this the Commissioner will visit several centres in the United States as representative of the General

Canada's Welcome To a Dutch Bandmaster



SHOWN LEADING HIS BAND at the Netherlands House of Commons at the Hague is Bandmaster H. Harmenson. In the lower picture he and Mrs. Harmenson are seen at a welcome given them by Calgary, Alta., comrades, together with a supply of groceries to start them off in this "land of plenty". In the picture are the Divisional Commander and Mrs. Lt.-Colonel F. Merrett, and the Commanding Officer and Mrs. Major W. Ratcliffe.

What Banding Means To Me As a Teen-Ager

BY BANDMEMBER JOAN YOUNG, FENELON FALLS, ONT.

THREE is a verse in the 100th Psalm that says, "Serve the Lord with gladness". I would like to write about serving God and our fellow-man through Salvation Army activities, and particularly point out some of the opportunities of service for young people.

In playing an instrument a Salvation Army bandsman must remember that, although musical skill is pleasing to the ear, a message must be given to reach the hearer's hearts. So the bandsman must put his whole heart into his playing. That is one of the chief opportunities of a young bandsman or bandswoman—the opportunity of expressing his heart's feelings—to tell of God's salvation through his music.

To a young person, banding is in itself a personal testimony. His friends, knowing that he is a bandsman, playing to God's honor and glory alone, realize that he is saved, and so respect him. What better witness is there than a young person, in uniform, playing in a Salvation Army band? It is an inspiration and a help to other young people. Although most spiritual help is given through the band as a unit, he sometimes has the opportunity of personally helping young people

in their soul's Christian welfare.

Often he has the privilege of cheering and inspiring those who are downhearted and discouraged, sick and lonely. This is especially realized when, speculating at other corps, he visits and plays at hospitals and institutions.

There are times, of course, when he is unable to help sinners directly. He cannot always approach men and women about their souls' welfare. He realizes that this often makes an unsaved person even more rebellious and determined to have nothing to do with salvation. It is under such circumstances that he can only be of service through prayer; an earnest fervent prayer is stronger than the most convincing speech or sermon. This is one thing that all young people can do. We cannot all address crowds of people, or impress them by our speeches, but we can all talk to God through prayer. To live a life of true service, it is necessary that a person talk to God and, above all, that he listens to Him as He directs him in the path that He has chosen. He must remember that he can call upon God at any time and He will hear.

Perhaps one of the most valuable opportunities for young people in a

The Queen And The Cornet

The Queen as a child actually endeavored, one day at Buckingham Palace, in the presence of her father, her mother and her sister, to play a Salvationist's cornet, while the Regent Hall Band, to which it belonged, was making harmony in the courtyard below the royal apartments. The Bandmaster was being received by King George VI and graciously encouraged, as representing Salvation Army bandsmen the world around, to continue the God-glorifying, Gospel-speeding message in music and song.

band is the way they develop spiritually through banding. This spiritual development is not a sudden, complete happening, for it continues on and on through the years. Youth banding is just the foundation for greater things. Through the inspiration of music, many a young heart has been drawn closer to God. The young person is molded by banding into a sincere, God-loving Christian, willing to give his whole life in God's service, whatever it may be. Speaking as a member of the band I can say, we are all truly thankful for the opportunities given to young people of serving God through the band, and we can all say with one accord, "I have pleasure in His service, more than all."

Official Gazette

PROMOTIONS—
To be Senior-Major:
Major Domino Goulding:

To be Major:
Senior-Captain George Noble:

To be Senior-Captains:
Captains Rita Pelley, Aubrey Rideout
Abram Pritchett, Arthur Evans,
Jeanette Murray.

APPOINTMENTS—
Second Lieutenant Violet Reid, Grace
Hospital, St. John's, Nfld.

Wm. R. Dalziel
Commissioner

COMING EVENTS

Commissioner Wm. R. Dalziel

Toronto: Fri Aug 28 (Opening of The
Salvation Army display, Services Building,
Canadian National Exhibition) 7.30 p.m.

Charlottetown: Sat-Sun Sept 5-6
Toronto Temple: Sat-Mon Sept 12-14
Simcoe: Sat-Sun Sept 19-20
Winnipeg Congress: (Manitoba and Saskatchewan) Thurs-Tues Sept 24-29

Travelling?

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Street, Toronto, Ont., phone PR.
2563; 1620 Notre Dame W., Mont-
real, Que., phone Fitzroy 7425; or
301 Hastings St. E., Vancouver,
B.C., phone Hastings 5328 L.

The Chief Secretary

COLONEL R. HAREWOOD

London: Sat-Mon Sept 12-14

The Field Secretary

COLONEL G. BEST

Prince Rupert: Wed-Mon Aug 26-31
(Native Congress)

Canyon City: Tues Sept 1

Hazleton, Glen Vowell: Thurs Sept 3

Prince George: Fri-Sun Sept 4-6

Toronto Temple: Sat-Mon Sept 12-14

Lt.-Colonel A. Fairhurst: British Columbia
South Division: Wed-Mon Aug 6-10

Territorial Team of Evangelists

Jackson's Point: Aug 7-16

Port Dover: Aug 21-30

Port Arthur and Fort William: Sept 4-14

Kenora: Sept 18-23

Winnipeg Congress: Sept 24-29

Brandon: Oct 2-12

Brigadier W. Cornick

Burin: Aug 2-9

Creston: Aug 11-17

Garnish: Aug 19-26

Grand Bank: Aug 28-Sept 6

Fortune: Sept 9-15

Seal Cove: Sept 18-27

THE WAR CRY

Official organ of The Salvation Army in Canada and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; Albert Orsborn, General; William R. Dalziel, Territorial Commander. International Headquarters, Denmark Hill, London; Territorial Headquarters, 538 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.

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Syllabus of Correspondence Courses

IN order to satisfy the numerous enquiries about correspondence courses, offered through the Advanced Training Department, a list of studies available to officers, young people and others, is given.

FOR OFFICERS

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS' COURSES

Old and New Testament Studies	Great Men of the Bible
Bible Manners and Customs	Famous Bible Women
Personal Soul Winning	History of The Salvation Army
New Testament Church History	(Parts I and II)
The Christ of the Gospels	Preparation of Addresses
Parables and Metaphors of our Lord	Practical English and Effective
(In course of preparation)	Speech.
Bookkeeping.	

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS' COURSES

Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ	Logic, Journalism.
London University: Proficiency in Religious Knowledge	Shorthand, Typewriting.
Bible Doctrine	Public Speaking
History of the English Bible	Languages: French, German, Spanish,
Religions of the World	Dutch.
Memory Training	Youth Leadership
English: Elementary, Intermediate, Advanced	The Young People's Worker
	Music: Rudiments, Harmony
	Concertina.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LOCAL OFFICERS

Old Testament Studies	New Testament Church History
New Testament Studies	Hebrew History
The Christ of the Gospels	History of The Salvation Army
Bible Doctrine	(Parts I and II)
Bible Manners and Customs	

(Clip out this form)

To Sr. Major J. Wood,
The Secretary of Education,
84 Davisville Ave., TORONTO, 12, Ontario.

I am interested in receiving further details of the course in

Please send full particulars.

FULL ADDRESS

CORPS NAME

SEVEN LANGUAGES

(Continued from page 7)

congregation with the great responsibilities God imposed upon it.

Immediately after lunch we found ourselves among the African people, where our uniforms were a source of interest to many. It was the visitors' joy to listen to the youngsters singing their songs and choruses in a number of different languages. We were privileged to speak to them of those things which ensure for Youth, irrespective of race and color, a happy future.

During the morning, Captain Molefe had made numerous contacts and conducted a meeting for the African people. He reported too,

a successful meeting during the evening at which several Africans had come forward seeking the way of life. At a meeting with Europeans, an appeal was made for all to accept the responsibility of setting the African people examples of true Christian living, especially whites.

The next day was spent in making official calls upon the administrative and civic authorities, and one was encouraged by the ready recognition on the part of the country's leaders of what The Salvation Army stood for, and for their readiness to assist in any enterprise upon

Bandmasters!

Many Canadians can still recall the thrill of listening to the majesty of tone which was produced by the International Staff Band.

Torontonians will remember the moment when the Staff Band, standing on the steps of Toronto's city hall, surrounded by bands, Salvationists and friends, commenced to play the opening measures of "O Canada". It is something to remember! This stirring Canadian anthem made inroads to our emotions in a new way. Was it the band—or the musical arrangement? Perhaps a combination of both!

We are unable to divulge the secret of the Staff Band's beautiful tone—it belongs to no other, but we can supply you with the music which was used on that occasion.

It was arranged by Colonel Bramwell Coles, a master in musical design, and a dealer in quality presentations, a fact which speaks for itself.

"O CANADA"

ARRANGED BY COLONEL BRAMWELL COLES

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Large Set, Including Conductor's Copy and 50 parts — \$2.75

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ORDER YOUR

CONGRESS TICKETS NOW!

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"YOUTH ON THE BRIDGE"

Mon., October 26—

FESTIVAL OF PRAISE

Both in Massey Hall, Toronto

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(Officers' personal tickets available at congress registration)

which it may embark for the benefit of the people.

Early Tuesday morning we were on our return journey, travelling east by another way, a road which led us into the dry river bed of the Molapo River.

In this we travelled until nightfall, when we reached the border of the Cape Colony. There we pitched camp. With sunrise, and after cups of warm coffee, we were again in the river-bed road. As we travelled, thousands of springbok and hundreds of gemsbok and wildebeest and other small antelope grazed by the roadside. After half an hour's travelling we came upon a pride of nine lions, feasting upon a very recent kill. Those creatures ate their meal not fifty yards from us, paying little attention to us as we sat and watched them from the car. After the lions had eaten their fill, the jackals and vultures came in succession to feast upon the remains.

The sun had set before we left the road which led out of the dry riverbed to the heights surrounding Kuruman, a growing oasis town. What a joy it was to see green foliage and sprouting trees, with wheat and barley fields irrigated generously from Kuruman's underground lake!

Kuruman suggests Moffat, the great London missionary, and Moffat suggests Livingstone, Africa's great missionary explorer. In the old stone church with its thatched roof, we stood early next morning where these great men had stood, and we each gave ourselves afresh to Africa and her people. It was a solemn moment. Before noon our journey to Kimberley was completed.

Builder Or Wrecker?

(Continued from page 3) that house was stripped by workmen to the floor level. It pondered and thought of pioneers who had struggled against wind and weather, shortage of building equipment as we know it today, carefully adding to the structure month by month until that house was the pride of the rapidly growing Western town. It took months of sacrifice and hard work to construct such a beautiful home but in a few brief hours, it was dismantled. It takes plenty of hard work, courage and determination to build, but only a few brief moments of time to pull things to pieces. We can make our choice between being constructive builders for God's Kingdom or wrecking crews for the Devil.

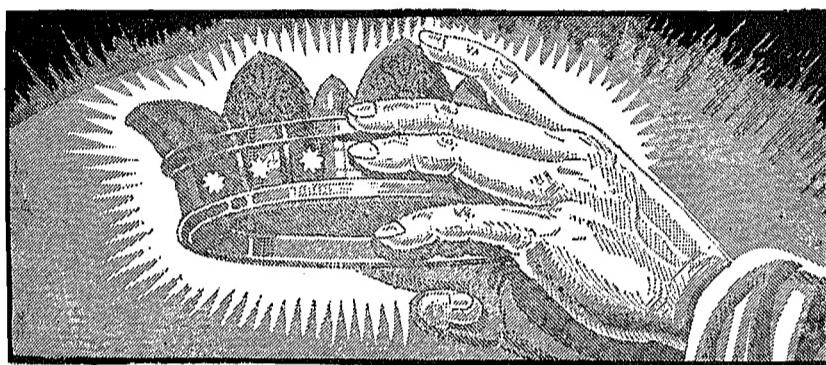
Another line of thought comes to me. Many parents have toiled, labored and sacrificed year in and year out to bring a talented, promising young person to the place where he or she can be a blessing to mankind. Cradled in a godly home taught in the ways of the Lord, the teenager is now facing realities. Make sure your parents' prayers are answered by making a wise choice.

"Young Soldier" Popular

THE officers in charge of the field unit, Captain Margaret Green and 2nd-Lieut. Joan Perry, report that the children of the Northern Ontario towns where they have been conducting meetings, like *The Young Soldier*.

At an open-air meeting in Cochrane copies of the paper were distributed. The following Sunday, when the officers were conducting meetings at the lake, a young girl asked for another *Young Soldier*. She had read the first one right through. The youngster had already written to a junior in Newfoundland whose request for a pen-pal appeared on *The Beaver* page.

After The Cross The Crown



SISTER MRS.
B. SOWERBY



Earlscourt
Corps

The number one soldier on the corps roll, Sister Mrs. Bessie Sowerby, was recently promoted to Glory from Grimsby, Ont. The promoted warrior was a lifetime Salvationist and was converted in an Army meeting held at Plympton, England, at the age of ten years.

Before emigrating to Canada, the departed comrade served as an officer for several years in Wales. The funeral service was conducted by a former Commanding Officer, Brigadier C. Eacott. The Brigadier paid a sincere tribute to her buoyant Christianity and keen interest in the advancement of God's kingdom on earth.

Mrs. Major W. Hillier (R) offered prayer, thanking God for the ministry of a life spent in faithful service. Two daughters, Mrs. Cameron of Grimsby and Mrs. A. Heidalewig, of South Africa, and two sisters, Mrs. Brigadier L. Pay (R), of Santa Monica, California and Major Eliza Langdon (R), of Toronto mourn the loss of a beloved mother and sister.

SISTER MRS. A. E. LAW
Peterborough Temple

One of the first soldiers to be enrolled when the corps opened seventy years ago, Sister Mrs. Anne Eliza Law, was recently promoted to Glory at the age of ninety-four years. She was affectionately known as "Granny" Law to many soldiers and friends, and had spent eighty years in Peterborough.

The promoted warrior was a regular attendant at the meetings and in her earlier days had served as a visitation sergeant. She was an active member of the league of mercy and home league when health permitted.

The family includes two daughters, Sister Mrs. J. T. Braund and Sister Mrs. R. Routly of Peterborough, six grandchildren, eleven great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren. They have made a substantial contribu-

Tidings from the Territory

UNITED FOR SERVICE

The Brampton, Ont., corps hall was beautifully decorated for the wedding of Sister Katherine Allen to Bandsman Carlton Allen, Sr.-Major D. Allen, father of the bride, conducted the service. The bride was given away by her brother, 2nd-Lieut. R. Allen, of Windsor.

A large number of comrades and friends attended the reception, when both the bride and groom responded to the good wishes of those present.

Mount Pleasant Citadel, Vancouver, was the scene of the wedding of Songster Audrey Nyerod and Bandsman Roy Burton, the ceremony being conducted by the bride's father, Brigadier H. Nyerod, of Port Alberni. The bride was attended by her only sister, Esther, also of Port Alberni, the groom being supported by Bandmaster William Lewis. The ushers were Bandsmen Kenneth Mills and Peter Roed.

The bridal party wore Salvation Army uniform and the flag was held by Deputy-Songster-Leader R. Mills. Songster Pianist M. Peake played the organ and Candidate N. Delamont, of New Westminster, soloed. Colonel G. Peacock (R) led in prayer and the Commanding Officer, Major S. Jackson, read from the scriptures.

Bandmaster F. Delamont, of New Westminster, was the master of ceremonies at the reception, when Songster A. Lewis sang and Bandsman K. Mills played a cornet solo.

Out-of-town guests included relatives from Toronto and Kamsack and also Lieut. B. Brown, of San Diego, California.

rade had worked for twenty-eight years, attended the funeral service. Sympathy was expressed to his widow, Sister Mrs. Metcalfe, and their two sons.

BANDSMAN I. WEIGHTMAN St. Catharines, Ont.

The corps has lost a faithful soldier of God in the promotion to Glory of Brother Isaac Weightman. Brother and Sister Weightman emigrated to Canada in 1912 from the Carlisle Corps, England. Linking up with the St. Catharines Corps Bro. Weightman became a bandsman, and was closely associated with the corps until his death.

The Holy Spirit dealt in a definite way with Isaac Weightman during the congress gathering in Toronto in 1945. He was obedient to the heavenly vision and made a complete surrender, resulting in untold blessing to himself and others to the end of his earthly life. Avenues of service were opened to him and Mrs. Weightman because of this surrender, and many lives have been influenced for God. At his place of employment, as well as in the corps and among his comrades in the band, his Christian principles and high standards were admired and respected.

During the past years Brother Isaac Weightman was called upon to suffer great pain, but he bore it all with Christian fortitude.

The Commanding Officer, Sr-Captain H. Sharpe conducted the funeral service. The band paid its last tribute by attending in full and playing during the service. Songster Mrs. Gillingham sang.

At the memorial service, Deputy Bandmaster R. Williams, who had been associated with the departed comrade, spoke. Sr-Captain Sharp paid a tribute to his faithful service and extended sympathy to Sister Mrs. Weightman and their son Bernard.

SISTER M. COPE Toronto Temple

After a lengthy illness, Sister Margaret Cope was called to her heavenly Home. The departed comrade was converted as a young girl at Spennymoor, Corps, England. Before coming to Canada she was an active worker in the corps and served as young-people's sergeant-major and treasurer.

Commissioner B. Orames, (R), a

YOUTH YEAR ATTACK

The youth of the Nova Scotia Division recently carried out an extension of their "Youth on the Bridge" meetings which took them in an open-air attack on the main summer pleasure resort of the province's capital, Halifax. The meeting was under the direction of the Divisional Young People's Secretary, Sr.-Major A. Moulton.

Fifty young Salvationists, representing three corps in the Halifax-Dartmouth area, united for this unique open-air meeting, which was held at Sunnyside. Song sheets were made available to the occupants of the surrounding cars and not a few came near to hear the music. Some of the listeners joined in the singing.

The young people formed a "Youth Band" for the occasion, which was augmented by the North Halifax Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster J. Vanderhoven. The Halifax corps cadet timbrel brigade captivated the outdoor audiences with their playing.

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS

Gander, (Sr.-Major and Mrs. S. Wight). A welcome meeting for the new officers on Friday evening, was arranged by Corps Treasurer Frank Goulding. The minister of the United Church, Rev. C. F. Freake, was the speaker of the evening, and gave a warm welcome on behalf of his church.

Messages were read from Mr. Eric Windsor, of the Department of Transport; Doctor Paton, of Banting Memorial Hospital, and Corporal J. Clarke, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The local officers also welcomed their new commanding officers. Mrs. Wight testified and the Major gave a salvation message.

friend of the family for some years, conducted the funeral service, assisted by the Commanding Officer, Sr.-Major T. Murray. In his message the Commissioner paid tribute to the fragrant influence of the devoted and unselfish life of the departed warrior.

The commanding officer, who read the scripture portion, also paid a tribute to her memory. Four sisters, Mrs. R. Middleton, Mrs. J. Godfrey, Mrs. F. Lucas and Sr.-Major Clara Cope, and three brothers Ernest, William and Sam mourn the loss of a beloved sister.

BANDSMAN A. MANN

London Citadel



Bandsman Alex Mann was called to his eternal Reward recently. The promoted comrade was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and came to Canada in 1913. He was a member of the young people's band of the Toronto Temple and served overseas in the First World War.

Bandsman and Mrs. Mann (Songster Edith Salmon) served as officers in the Indian and Canadian territories. Upon settling in London, the departed comrade became an active soldier of the corps and held every local officer's commission, except that of sergeant-major.

The funeral service was conducted by the Field Secretary, Colonel G. Best, assisted by Sr.-Major D. Hobbins and Major D. Sharp. Sister Mrs. Mann has received many tributes to the Christian influence of her beloved husband.

IMPRESSIONS

(Continued from page 5)
handing a small pillow to the passengers, putting it on their knees, after asking them if they wanted lunch. Next, they brought trays of food, and set them on the pillow. My tray contained a square, plastic plate, holding cold meat and salad. Knife, fork and spoon were in a celophane wrapper. The back of the tray consisted of hollows for containers. One was labelled "appetizer" and I took off the pasteboard lid with some trepidation. It was only fruit-juice! Another small receptacle I found contained salad dressing; another was marked "cream" and contained, naturally, milk. A plastic tumbler for tea (which came later) was in another hollow and still another contained a small basin, filled with lettuce and sliced tomatoes. Two of the tiniest plastic pepper and salt shakers were in still another holder. It was all very neat and pleasant.

The plane's losing altitude at Moncton in order to land was, for me, the worst moment of the trip—this and subsequent "comings down". The swooping, jolting and lifting disturbed my stomach more than a day on an ocean liner. I saw that it not only disturbed David, but that he needed attention. But the stewardess quickly came in between the two seats, seized a cylindrical cardboard container under the chair, and held it where the little laddie could get rid of the half-digested candies that had been so rudely upset by the tossing of the machine.

We were able to get out and stretch our legs at both Moncton and Sydney, then the great bird took off and zoomed over the Atlantic Ocean—as blue today as the Mediterranean—to cross the channel that lay between the mainland and that isle that lies in the mouth of the St. Lawrence—Canada's tenth province.

That which is an all-night journey by ship was accomplished in an hour or so, and soon we saw the incredibly indented and lake-be-studded terrain of Newfoundland beneath us. We had to traverse the width of the island before reaching St. John's, the capital, which is at the extreme eastern seaboard, and before long, we had sighted the long, narrow bay that has, for centuries, formed such a perfect haven for shipping.

I wondered how the pilot would alight on such a slender strip of landing space amid the terrifying rocks and peaks of the hill-city. We veered round and zoomed up the bay, with rocky slopes each side of us, then made straight for the Torbay airport. The jolting of the

COMMISSIONER Wm. R. DALZIEL

These will be the final meetings held in the historic building prior to its demolition to make way for a new, modern structure, consisting of Territorial Headquarters' offices and an auditorium to seat 1,200 persons. Don't miss this.

LAST WEEKEND AT THE TEMPLE

Gathering One By One

Tune: "When the mists have rolled away"
B.J. 311.

THEY are gathering, ever gathering
On that great eternal shore;
One by one their hands are folded
And they speak to us no more.
All their labor here is ended
And their day on earth is done;
But in that bright land in Glory
They are gathering, one by one.

Chorus

They are gathering, one by one,
In the realm beyond the sun,
To behold the King of Glory
And to hear Him say "Well done";
They shall praise His Name for ever
In that realm beyond the sun.

They are gathering, ever gathering
From the east and from the west,
In the Kingdom of our Saviour,
In the mansions of the blest.
They have gone through tribulation
And their crown of life is won.
Now, with the redeemed in glory
They are gathering, one by one,

They are gathering, ever gathering
In the land of endless day:
They have entered life eternal
That shall never pass away;
Christ Himself shall be their glory,
For they need no earthly sun
In that bright celestial city
Where they gather, one by one.

They are gathering ever gathering,
And although our hearts are sore,
Yet our interest in that City
Is increasing more and more.
May we ever look to Jesus
While this race on earth we run,
Till we also hear His welcome,
And are gathered, one by one.

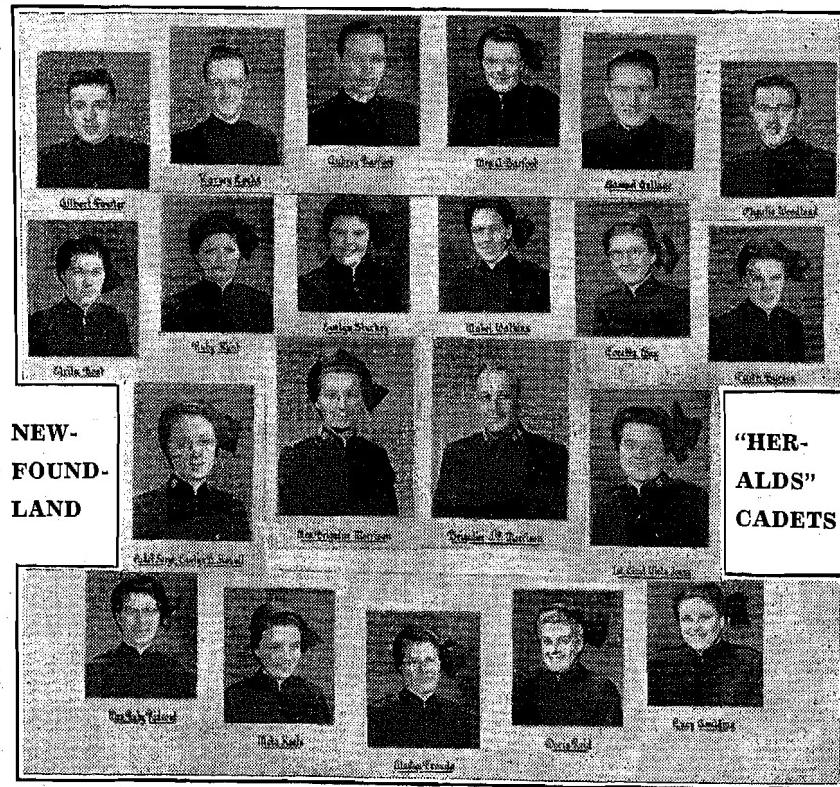
James Gray, Toronto

Camrose, Alta. (Major L. Hansen) comrades have enjoyed unusual picnic holidays this season. The young people of the corps spent a holiday at Davidson Lake and the home league journeyed to Woodstock Island.

(Continued from column 2)
we had set foot on Newfoundland soil—or tarmac.

The Divisional Commander and Mrs. Lt.-Colonel C. Wiseman were on hand to meet us, and the Colonel introduced us to the officer of Adelaide Street Corps—Major C. Hickman—who was present to meet a family from Montreal. Soon, Lt.-Colonel Fairhurst and I were ensconced in the "D.C's" car, and were speeding (yes, that's the word) towards St. John's.

(To be continued)



RECENTLY COMMISSIONED Newfoundland's "Heralds" cadets, photographed with their Principal and Mrs. Brigadier J. Fraser Morrison.